

I.R. NEWSPAPER REGY
RECEIVED 19 MAY 1868.

E. Griffiths

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 347.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

[ONE PENNY.]

WAR CLOUDS.

The anxiety of France is not relieved by the speeches which the Emperor has just made at Orleans. As all Europe is vibrating with rumours of war, with predictions of evil, which by working upon the minds of men, have a direct tendency to bring about their own fulfilment, some explicit declaration, such as is not unusual with Napoleon III., was looked for at the first public occasion on which he has spoken for some time past. The press, independent and semi-official, had spoken with equal confidence as to their certainty that the opportunity would be seized to publish some sort of manifesto, either in a peaceful or in a warlike sense, which might tranquillise the minds of men, or let them know the worst. For reasons best known to himself his Majesty has seen fit to disappoint these not unreasonably expectant. Not even he who sold the riddle of the *Spl. ix* could make out from the answer to the mayor, or the reply to the bishop, whether the Emperor really means peace or war. There is no distinct utterance like that of the Bordeaux manifesto, *L'Empire, c'est la Paix*; no ominous fulmination like that addressed to the Mayor of Auxerre against the treaties which are supposed to have humiliated France. The words spoken to the Mayor of Orleans apply simply and solely to the occasion of the agricultural meeting which the Emperor went to open, and must be strained from their meaning before we can ascribe to them any deeper significance. "I accepted your invitation with pleasure, because I am always happy to find myself again in the midst of a city which, whilst religiously maintaining such glorious remembrances and patriotic sentiments, devotes itself with ardour to the struggles of labour and industry. I was desirous to ascertain for myself the progress which you have made, and to encourage your exertions, convinced that, amid the general tranquillity of Europe, it may be developed with confidence." The allusion to the tranquillity of Europe merely states a fact. No promise is made of the continuance of that tranquillity, which depends mainly, if not solely, upon France. Nor do we find any more in the reply to the Bishop of Orleans. M. Dupanloup, an able and eminent man, if somewhat fierce and bigoted in his Ultramontane proclivities, made an earnest speech, in which he dwelt upon the duties which were owed by the chief of the state to the Catholic Church, and pronounced a glowing eulogium upon the glories of the ancient city which for 1,000 years has not opened its gates to the foreigner. It was the *fête* day of the maid who delivered France from the stranger, who turned away the English host under Bedford, and crowned an un-

would have had all the force of a declaration of war. But the Emperor would not pledge himself to peace to please the Mayor, nor breathe defiance of the enemies of France to gratify the Bishop. Had nothing of the sort been expected of him his answer would have been though worthy of the occasion. "It is on this spot," he said, "that we can dwell with happiness, upon how much religious faith and true patriotism can effect to the safety and grandeur of a country." In coming to share in the popular festivities of Orleans, the Empress and himself had first knelt within the ancient basilica of the Holy Cross, that work of Henry IV. which is the glory of the maiden city. Here they implored the protection of the Almighty for the future. Whether that future is to be a tranquil and a prosperous one, depends mainly upon the line of action to which the Emperor will be advised, and whether he intends his newly organised army of 1,200,000 men simply as a demonstration of strength which shall secure France from molestation, or a means of attack by which to re-conquer for France her rightful place in Europe. If peaceful counsels do really prevail in the Imperial Cabinet, and what is of still more importance, if the Emperor himself be bent upon the maintenance of peace so far as in him lies, as we not only hope but sincerely believe that he is, we think it much to be regretted that he does not seize with some eagerness upon such an opportunity of telling us plainly of his intentions. The public in France does not care at all for the assurances of the official press, and regards the utterances of M. Rouher as expressing his own views rather than those of his master. What it wants is a positive assurance from the man in whose hands rests absolutely the issues of peace and war. It has been disappointed in its expectations of receiving such an assurance. The war rumours will now rise to fever heat, to the great disquietude of France and no small trouble of Europe.

grateful King in the Royal city of Rheims. Four centuries and a half have passed over them since that time, but the memory of La Fucelle, her boasted inspiration, her lofty patriotism, her martyrdom at Rouen—which sealed the doom of English rule in France—is, and ever will be, consecrated in the hearts of Frenchmen. Here, listening to glowing words, calling to mind the ancient glories of France, and that last great struggle with the foreigner, when the barrier of the Loire, one of the ramparts of the national independence, protected behind it the remnant of the *grande armée*; here, surely, was an opportunity, had he desired to avail himself of it, for an intimation which, from the mouth of the Emperor,

The only consolation we have is that matters might have been worse. The Emperor might have sounded a note of war, instead of blowing this trumpet of doubtful tone. He has not done so, and we may still hope that he will not. The war party will be as much disengaged as the peace party. Their organs console them with the choice intelligence that whatever doubt there may be about the matter in France or England, there is no doubt at all in Germany about the imminence, and that Count Bismarck has made up his mind to be attacked in October. But as the King of Prussia and the Emperor are to see each other during the summer we truly hope these predictions may fail.



MADAME PAULINE LUCCA.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, the Earl of Minto obtained a select committee to inquire into the county and burgh police system of Scotland, which he described as imperfect and defective.—The Lord Chancellor withdrew the Judgment Debtors' Bill, the Bankruptcy Bill, and the Bankruptcy Acts Repeal Bill, on the ground that it would be impossible to pass these measures in time for the House of Commons to deal with them during the present session.—The Regulation of Railways Bill was committed, and the Marquis of Salisbury objected to the clause which rendered directors liable to imprisonment for falsifying accounts. If disgraceful penalties were attached to the performance of ordinary duties the result must be that respectable people would not act.—The Lord Chancellor proposed to amend the clause by making it an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment for the officers or auditors of a railway company to sign accounts which they knew to be falsified.—The Marquis of Salisbury assenting, the clause so altered was agreed to.—On the clause providing that means of communication between guard and driver should be furnished to all trains stopping at less than 15 miles' intervals, the Duke of Devonshire moved to substitute 20 for 15, and the proposal having been accepted by the Duke of Richmond on behalf of the Government, the clause was amended accordingly.

The Lord Chancellor stated in reply to Lord Denman, that the delay in proceeding with the designs for the Palace of Justice had arisen from the objection of the other competitors to the amalgamation of the designs having been referred to the arbitration of the Attorney-General, whose decision had not yet been pronounced.—Earl Fortescue directed attention to the report of the international conference on weights, measures, and coins and complained of the legal standards of this country, more especially on the ground that the greatest commercial nations had adopted the decimal and metric system.—The Earl of Malmesbury did not object to the publication of the report, but he warned Lord Fortescue that legislation on the question would be most difficult.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons, Sir R. Palmer stated that, in consequence of recent information from the colony of Victoria, and the probability of his receiving further intelligence from the same quarter, he had determined to postpone for the present his motion relating to the recall of Sir Charles Darling from the government of that colony.—On the order for going into committee of supply, Captain Mackinnon drew attention to certain alleged deficiencies in the iron-clad fleet. Describing the performance of various ships, he contended that they were faulty, inferior, and retrograde; he frankly acquitted the present Admiralty, however, of all blame.—Mr. Corry offered a few remarks in explanation and in defence of his department, after which the House went into committee, and the right hon. gentleman made his annual exposition of the navy estimates. The total sum required for the service of the year was £10,972,983, being practically the same amount as was voted last year.

Lord Royston, Comptroller of the Household, brought up the reply of Her Majesty to the address of the House relating to the Irish Church. The Royal answer said:—"Relying on the wisdom of my Parliament, I desire that my interest in the temporalities of the United Church of England and Ireland, in Ireland may not stand in the way of the consideration by Parliament of any measure relating thereto that may be introduced in the present session." The reading of the message was followed by loud cheers, and Mr. Gladstone gave notice that he would ask leave to bring in a bill to prevent for a limited time any new appointments in the Church of Ireland, and to restrain for the same period in certain respects the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of St. Thomas's Hospital was performed on Wednesday by Her Majesty, before a brilliant gathering of the dignitaries of Church and State. At half-past ten the temporary building was nearly full of eager spectators, among whom might be noticed many of the chief notabilities of the day. From the floor of the enormous building to its roof stretched mass after mass of gaily-dressed figures, all patiently expectant of the ceremony to come. After a false alarm, and a few premature strains of "God Save the Queen" from the outside, the Royal party arrived at a quarter to twelve, preceded by the hospital officials.

A procession having been formed, Her Majesty was conducted to her chair of state on the raised dais. Her Majesty, who was evidently in excellent health and spirits, curtsied three times to the vast assembly, and immediately took up her position on the dais. The Princess Helena in green and drab silk with bonnet and mantle to match; the Prince of Wales in full uniform; the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian, both in uniform, were on Her Majesty's left; while the Princess of Wales, looking delicately lovely, in pale lavender and pink, the Princess Louise in a dress of light fawn colour, the Princess Beatrice in green, and young Prince Leopold in Highland dress, stood on the right of the Royal chair. The President of the hospital, Sir John Musgrave, then read an address.

Her Majesty then advanced to the spot where the stone was laid. The President then handed to the Queen copies of the charters of King Edward VI., founding and endowing the hospital, of the Acts of Parliament providing for the management of the hospital and authorising the purchase of a new site, and a list of the governors of the hospital. The Treasurer next handed the Queen the coins, and Her Majesty placed them, with the documents, in a glass vessel, with a blue ribbon round its neck, like a decorated electrical retort, which, with the assistance of the architect, Her Majesty afterwards deposited beneath the stone. The architect next handed the trowel to the Queen, who proceeded to lay the stone, with the assistance of the builder, Mr. Perry.

The military bands then performed a grand march during which Her Majesty was conducted by the authorities of the hospital to her carriage.

THE SCENE ON THE ROUTE.

Thousands of spectators assembled in the streets to witness the procession. At 10 o'clock a large body of the Life Guards, under the command of Colonel Marshall, left the Horse Guards and were divided into sections from that point to the temporary entrance to the hospital, where a detachment of Grenadier Guards (Capt. Thynne) soon afterwards arrived to perform duty. By this time crowds had stationed themselves in St. James's-park, and Parliament-street, Bridge-street, and Westminster-bridge were thickly thronged. On reaching the Surrey side of Westminster-bridge a profusion of flags of all descriptions met the eye in every direction, and on a streamer stretching from Astley's Theatre to the opposite side was the inscription, "Sick and I visited me." At this point the crowd collected was greater than at any point, and it may be doubted whether the district ever before presented such a busy scene. Entering the Palace-road from the bridge, there was a large display of flags and other decorations, and in the centre of a tri-colour was the inscription, "Britannia rules the waves." Lower down in the same road flags and banners were placed from either side of the houses, one of the latter bearing the motto "Welcome, Victoria." On nearing the site of the proposed hospital the display made by the inhabitants was remarkable—nearly every window exhibiting colours.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE Queen and the younger members of the Royal Family arrived at Windsor Castle on Friday night from Osborne. The *Church News* reports that the Prince of Wales has presented a pair of star candlesticks for use in Sunningham Church.

GREAT preparations are being made at Badminton to celebrate on a grand scale the majority of the Marquis of Worcester.

LODGE CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL has appointed his son, Mr. William Bovill, to the clerkship of assize on the Western Circuit, vacant by the death of Mr. Thomas Edward Chitty.

IT is announced that the Prince and Princess of Wales intend to go to Ascot Races. Their Royal Highnesses will occupy Windsor Castle and go thence in state to the course.

IT is authoritatively announced that the report as to the probable marriage of the Princess Louise in the Danish *Daily Telegraph* is untrue.

ON Saturday afternoon Miss Burdett Coutts gave away the prizes to the boys after their athletic sports—an annual gala day at Highgate—and both company and "boys" seemed highly pleased.

A PUBLIC meeting in favour of women's votes was held in the Exchange Rooms, Birmingham. The Ven. Archdeacon Sandford presided, and addresses were delivered by a number of ladies and gentlemen demanding that widows and spinsters should have votes for members of Parliament.

TEN Irish barristers have been elevated to the rank of Queen's Counsel, and sworn in. These are:—Messrs. Henderson, Jackson, Ebrington (Secretary to the Royal Commission on the Irish Church), Hamilton (just appointed Chairman of Carlow county), Johnston, Concannon, Beytagh, Burlow, Murphy, and Campion. The youngest of these was called to the bar in 1849.

INTELLIGENCE of the death of Lord Brougham, at his seat at Cannes, in the south of France, reached London on Sunday. His Lordship (who reached his eighty-ninth year last September) had lately been in the enjoyment of excellent health, and took his usual carriage exercise on Thursday afternoon. He retired to rest between eight and nine o'clock; and at a later hour his attendant, before going to bed, went, pursuant to his ordinary custom, into his lordship's room, and found that he had "died in his sleep." A memoir of his stirring political career will be found in another part of our paper.

ONE of the most fashionable and aristocratic shooting assemblies of the season took place on Saturday at the New Red House and Riverside Harlington House, Fulham, the occasion being the decision of the Fulham Handicap, for which 117 gentlemen had been weighed. Upwards of 150 ladies were in the very beautiful grounds. Only 38 came to the post to shoot, and as will be seen from the score, Sir Charles Legard, Bury, killed twelve birds in succession, winning the first prize (£120). Viscount Parker took second honours (£50), and Mr. G. Hardy the third prize (£20). The winner shot with a very fine central fire breech-loader, by Grant, of St. James's-street. Venerables of Oxford, and Boss of Bond-street, made the other winning weapons. Barber's birds were very indifferent, as 138 killed to 44 missed will testify. Sir Charles Legard won an immense stake, as he made a book saving himself, took 200 to 12 of another gentleman, and after the fourth round of the ties took 100 to 80 three times over that he won, and he did so as above recorded. After the great event 29 shot in the usual £1 sweepstakes, which was won by Mr. Lethbridge, who killed ten birds; Mr. F. Norris, Mr. D. Hope-Johnstone, and Mr. H. Tollemache each missing their ninth.

IF, as a general fact, we admit that "there is nothing now under the sun," our readers may well be startled in these days by the idea of a photographic novelty. Indeed, it is difficult to say in what branch of art, science, trade, commerce, amusement, &c., photography does not play an important part. It brings with equal facility within the ken of tarry-at-home travellers the most inaccessible Alpine solitudes and the soft luxurious repose of Italian lakes. It renders the features of every celebrity of the hour, from Mr. Gladstone to King Theodore, familiar to the public eye; and every policeman carries in his pocket the pictures in little of the ticket-of-leave men who, by the amiable weakness of justice, are let loose upon his beat. Trade, however, has taken a hint from Scotland-yard. He have before us a circular stating that a certain individual, in a particular business, has commenced for himself, and enclosing a carte de visite of the enterprising tradesman; from which he says, the ladies to whom he sends his circulars and his portraits "will doubtless recognise him, on account of the active part he took in the business," &c. It need not be added that "devotion to business," and "undeviating attention to the wants of customers," are expressed in every feature of this interesting masterpiece of photographic art.

HER MAJESTY has been pleased to nominate the Rev. Canon Atkey, D.D., vicar of Leeds, for the vacant bishopric of Hereford. The rev. gentleman's name is better known for ripe scholarship, sound Church views, and active parochial work, than in connection with the unfortunate contentions and controversies which no disturbance the religious atmosphere of the country; and the Premier may well be congratulated on having made so unexceptionable a recommendation to the Queen. The new bishop was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was a Belis's University scholar, and was a senior optime of the first class in the classical tripos. He gained his degree of B.A. in 1840, and of M.A. in 1843. He was ordained deacon in 1842 by the Bishop of Ely (licensed to the curacy of Warcop, Notts), and a priest in the following year at an ordination by the Bishop of Lincoln. He was vicar of Madingley from 1847 to 1852, and has been a fellow and college tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. On the promotion of Dr. Hook to the deanship of Chichester in 1859 he was presented to the vicarage of Leeds the patronage of the living being in the hands of 25 trustees. He was appointed a canon of Ripon Cathedral in 1861, and is a rural dean of that diocese.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Referring to the pernicious boy literature now so widely circulated, we must say it may probably be needful, at some future time, to provide some such legislative protection against these publications as has already been pretty effectually provided against those which debauch the morals of a matured age. But at present all that can be done is for society, made aware of their existence, steadily and sternly to disown them. Let it be felt that the trade in these things is infamous, and much will have been done to limit their sale. But in the interests of society they must be put down—by exposure if possible, by legal penalties if needful. —*Daily News.*

THE MARRIAGE LAWS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The conclusion of the case upon which judgment was given in the House of Lords on Thursday exhibits a state of the law most irregular and of a most injurious character. At the same time there appears to be no doubt that the law, however paradoxical, is as it has been thus interpreted to be. The children of parents between whom the nuptial ceremony was, in perfect consonance with the Scottish statutes, though not, perhaps, in complete good faith, solemnised at Edinburgh, are legitimatised in England, upon the ground that the separate jurisdictions of the two countries do not apply to the whole kingdom. There have been many cases on similar hardship and anomaly, but none on all fours with this.—*Herald*

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE Select Committee of the Commons to whom the Liverpool Tramway Bill was referred decided that the preamble was proved. The line runs from north to south of the borough of Liverpool.

The juror through whose sickness at Sligo the trial of one of the Jacknall prisoners fell through, was charged on Wednesday at St. George Sessions, and held to bail, for saying, while drunk, "I'm the man who liberated the Fenian prisoners."

At a meeting of Curators of the University of Edinburgh, held on Thursday, it was resolved to proceed with the election of a Principal, in room of the late Sir David Brewster, on the 18th of June, the day on which the election of Professor of Moral Philosophy is appointed to be held.

The public will no doubt be glad to know that Mr. Kussel, who was so severely injured by his own clerks in his country house some months back, has quite recovered from the effects of the murderous attack made upon him, and is now able to resume business.

The cartoon in the *Weekly News* represents Mr. Disraeli as King Theodore immolating himself just as General Gladstone, Brigadier General Bright, and Lieut.-Colonel Mill successfully stoned the Auga Magdal. Mr. Disraeli, keeling in a mock heroic attitude holds a pistol to his forehead with one hand, whilst the other waves aloft a banner with the words "No surrender." Behind him appears the figure of the Earl of Derby.

At the Bishop Auckland hirings on Thursday a woman, whilst standing in the Market-place, had her pocket picked, and turning sharply round saw the thief making his way through the crowd. She told a gentleman who was standing near her loss, pointing out the thief running away. He at once set his dog, which happened to be with him, after the thief, and followed himself in pursuit. A good race ensued. The dog caught the thief by the leg, and held him till the arrival of assistance.

ON Friday at the meeting of the magistrates in Dover it was determined to invite the authorities and inhabitants to join them in a subscription to be presented to Mrs. Walsh, the widow of the late station master at the Dover Priory Station, whose recent melancholy death has excited so much sympathy, as a testimonial of the high appreciation of the varying kindness, courtesy, and courtesy evinced by him in the performance of his duties. Immediate arrangements will be made for carrying this determination into effect.

A RETURN issued on Saturday shows that there are in the United Kingdom 2,495 brewers, 93,421 victuallers, 40,510 persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises, and 3,215 not to be drunk on the premises. The first consume 36,722,507 bushels of malt; the second, 7,441,493 bushels; the third, 3,141,278 bushels, and the fourth 377,662 bushels. In the year 1867, 47,891,816 bushels of malt were malt, the amount of duty charged upon which was £6,491,217 12s. 5d. The amount paid for licenses was £376,661 14s. 3d. The beer exported from October 1st, 1866, to October 1st, 1867, was 525,619 barrels, the value of which was £1,960,053.

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, despite the failure of his former lecturing speculation, is once more to come before the public in the same way. When he last "lectured" in Dublin city, he was fresh from incarceration in Cork Gaol, and had just made his demand of £100,000 as compensation for the indignities perpetrated upon him. On this occasion, however, he will appear in quite another character, and, when he did not succeed in securing the sympathy of the people before, it is not likely that he will do so now. His detention in the Marshalsea has, in fact, destroyed all the pretensions which he put forward on his arrival in Ireland. Mr. Train had to procure two bail in £1,000 each, previous to his enlargement. The announcement of his lecture is headed, "The Train is on the Track again," and the subjects to be treated by him are—"The Bankruptcy and Insolvency Court; the position of the British Ministry; Disraeli and Gladstone, the two Head Centres; the Impeachment of England for her Conduct to America, during the American War." He is also to lecture in Cork. Next week his case will be on in the Insolvent Court; but it will hardly be disposed of even then, judging from the number of arguments which have taken place already.

ON Friday night a man was fatally stabbed after which arose in the course of a public-house row. It a number of men were drinking in a public-house, in Bevington-bush, Liverpool, and among them were some men in the service of Messrs. Atkinson, brewers. Among the men in the house were Edward Bailey and Arthur Brook, and the two quarrelled. When the men left the house Bailey said, "I suppose you are going to murder us Papists." This observation was addressed to one particular member of the company, who, however, seemed to have no disposition to retort offensively, for he replied, "No, I am not; I am one myself." An angry altercation ensued; Bailey threatened to strike his assailant and Brook interfered, when Bailey drew from his sheath his knife and stabbed Brook in the chest. Cries of alarm were at once raised by the bystanders, and police-constables 828 hastened to the spot. By his directions the wounded man was removed to his own house in Curry-street, and Dr. Samuel was sent for. The unfortunate man, however, died after a few minutes. Bailey after inflicting the wound ran away, but was pursued, captured, and taken to the Rousehill station. He was there charged with murder, and replied that he had nothing to say.

THE NATION publishes a letter from John Mitchel to his "Dear Martin"—Mr. J. Martin, whom the Government prosecuted for helping to organise the late illegal procession in Dublin—in which he defends himself, with his usual skill and vigour, from the attacks of those who are angered by his recent exposure of Fenianism. He is particularly hard on Dean O'Brien, of Limerick, "who, though he fought Fenianism in its shell," believes it useful to have "such a shape of terror looming in the background while he is agitating for Repeal—by the way of frightening the British Government, as it were." Mr. Mitchel, however, does not assert that the Fenian spirit is extinct in America. On the contrary, he boasts of its power, and speaks as threateningly of what England has to fear from it as ever did Mahony or any other of the once-trusted leaders of the conspiracy. "Of one thing," he writes, "you may be well assured, that the Irish National spirit on this continent, as well as in Ireland, suffers nothing by the collapse of that enormous sack of gas called Fenianism." The NATION, in commenting upon Mr. Mitchel's letter, declares that "his estimate of the political importance of the Fenian movement is greatly under the mark," that it is very far from being the "impotent and ineffective affair he represents it to be." Mr. John Martin, in another part of the paper, replies to the statement by Mitchel, that "he ought to accept the refusal of the people of Ireland to join the National League as a proof that they have changed their mind on the subject of Repeal, and have resolved to prepare, as best they may, and wait for an armed struggle against the English," by affirming that the Irish at home can obtain repeal if they only take the proper means for demonstrating their desire.

A PAPER of Florence says:—M. Antonio Ranzozi, a clerk in the post-office of Terni, and a priest named Russi, head of the college, were assassinated in that town, on Sunday night. The murderers have not been discovered, nor can any one divine the motive of this crime.

WALKER'S HALF-GUINEA HATS, equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 14s. 6d. each at the usual retail houses.—WALKER, Hatter, 49, Crawford-street, Marylebone.

—[ADVT]

METROPOLITAN.

THE members and friends of the Protestant Alliance held their annual breakfast and meeting on Friday at the Freemasons' Tavern; Lord Fitzwalter presided.

ON Saturday evening, shortly before six o'clock, a fire broke out on the premises of the Patent Spring Mattress Company, near the Haymarket, and before it could be subdued the whole of the basement warehouses were burnt out, and the rest of the building seriously damaged.

Two more men have been arrested and committed to the county prison for further examination on suspicion of being participants in the murder of Mr. Featherstonhaugh. Five men are now in custody under remand. The reward already subscribed amounts to £2,600, in addition to £100 by the Lord Lieutenant.

The question of the construction of the Metropolitan District Railway on the Thames Embankment came again under discussion at a meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The company having offered to deposit £40,000 as an earnest of their intention to prosecute the work, the Board agreed to refer the matter back to the committee to make, if possible, harmonious arrangements.

The Architectural Society, in Conduit-street, have just opened their eighteenth exhibition, and their commodious galleries are filled with very interesting designs and drawings. Owing to the inattention of many exhibitors to the rules of the society, and their neglect in attaching to each drawing the name of the author and the subject, it has been necessary to issue the catalogue in an incomplete state, which precludes us from mentioning some objects of interest which we should have been otherwise glad to designate. Many of the designs have a merit much higher than that usually associated with architectural drawings. A considerable number of them are really finished water-colour paintings.

ON Saturday an inquest was held at St. George's Workhouse, St. George's-in-the-East, on the body of William Murray, aged 88 years. The deceased had been an inmate of the workhouse, and at times wandered in his mind. Last Saturday morning he was found in a bed in the infirmary cutting his throat with a blunt knife. He succeeded in inflicting wounds which proved fatal. The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind."—Another inquest was held at Wapping on the body of Mrs. Eliza Ann Rayner, aged 39 years, wife of the captain of the sloop *Thom's Holt*. On the 21st of April she jumped from the vessel, then lying off Hermitage Wharf, into the Thames, and was drowned. The body was recovered on the 5th inst.—The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of temporary insanity."

An inquest was held on Saturday on the body of Eliza Chamberlain, aged 22, at the Grosvenor Arms, Grosvenor-road, Stockwell. The deceased was a domestic in the service of Mr. Pettit, of 104, Stockwell Park-road, and in consequence of some untoward love affair had lately been in a very desponding frame of mind. Early on Wednesday morning she went to her mistress and told her that she could not sleep, as there was a plot to ruin her, which she did not deserve, as she had been a good living girl. She was persuaded in a short time to return to her bed. In the morning the deceased was missing, and on looking for her she was found in the kitchen, the door of which was locked, lying on top of the copper with her face immersed in a small bath which stood in the sink. She was quite dead. It was shown that various members of the family of the deceased had been afflicted with madness, and the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide in a state of temporary insanity."

AT Marlborough-street Mr. John Verdee, milliner and dressmaker, of 23, George-street, Hanover-square, was summoned before Mr. D'Eyncourt by Dr. Aldis, medical officer of health for St. George's, for unlawfully employing certain women after half-past four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Dr. Aldis, as the medical officer of health for St. George's, Hanover-square, had summoned the defendant for an infringement of the 4th clause of the Workshops Regulation Act, by allowing women to work after half-past four o'clock on the 2nd of May. He had twice before complained to the defendant that he had infringed the Act, and had reported the circumstance to the vestry, but proceedings were not instituted because the defendant promised to comply with the law. After hearing the evidence of some of the young women employed, Mr. D'Eyncourt said they appeared to be in good health and well treated, but still there had been a breach of the Act. If the defendant would promise it should not occur again, he would only inflict a nominal fine.—The defendant said he was anxious not to infringe the law, and would give the required promise.—Mr. D'Eyncourt inflicted a fine of 1s. and costs.

LEGAL GOSSIP.

THE *Law Journal* reports an unusual stagnation in legal business. For a brief period the Courts of Chancery were inundated with proceedings in the liquidation of joint-stock companies, but even in Lincoln's Inn the tide is on the ebb. At common law there is much more than slackness; there is an approximation to total absence of work. Then, again, it is rumoured that in the offices of celebrated attorneys clerks are sitting idle, that a great commercial firm in the City has even discharged a portion of its staff. At the offices of the Queen's Bench the receipts for fees in the proceedings in actions fall short of the average amounts by the immense sum of £100 per week.—It is probable that the report of the Judicature Commission, over which the Lord Chancellor presides, will appear before the long vacation. Among the important changes to be recommended to the Legislature will be included the total abolition of the Home Circuit, it being intended that sittings should be held within the metropolis for the trial of such causes as have been hitherto heard at Kingston, Guildford, and Croydon, and of other causes arising out of actions the venue of which lies within a given radius of London. It is further contemplated that ten judges only shall travel on circuit and five remain in town. As the duties of the Home Circuit and the business at chambers are at present discharged by three judges, it follows that the general business of the assizes throughout the country will be accomplished by two judges less than heretofore. To render this a feasible task certain of the smaller counties will probably be grouped.

AN NEW WORD.—A contemporary gives the following dialogue between a lady and her husband on the gentleman's returning home unusually late one night and reproaching his wife with unnecessary anxiety at his absence:—"I was almost afraid that you had spoken?" "Spoken my dear. What can you possibly mean?" "Well, I suppose it is ungrammatical to say so; but it occurred to me, dearest Alfred, that you had Spaked."

THE LAST PUBLIC EXECUTION.—Robert Smith, the young man condemned for the murder of little girl near the village of Cuanerstones, on the banks of the Annan, was executed on Tuesday at Dumfries. The crime was committed under circumstances of a most aggravated character, but since his sentence the culprit has expressed great penitence, and requested and obtained an interview with the parents of his victim to entreat their pardon. He exhibited much remorse on the scaffold, and the crowd, which was not particularly large, behaved in an orderly manner. The new Act, directing that executions shall take place within prisons, will probably receive a general assent before another murderer is brought to the gallows, in which case the execution of Smith will be remarkable as a public exhibition of this terrible punishment.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE Emperor and Empress, with the Prince Imperial, left the Tuilleries on Sunday for Orleans.

THE Washington Senate, on meeting on Tuesday, resolved on postponing the final vote upon the Impeachment of the President till to-day.

We learn by the Atlantic cable that the House of Representatives has passed a bill for admitting Arkansas to representation in the Congress by a large majority.

THE Baroness Julie Ebergenyl has not appealed from the judgment which condemned her to twenty years' hard labour, but her father has done so, being authorised by the Austrian law. The lady offered her defender, Dr. Nenda, the sum of 1,500 florins, which the latter refused. The chapter of the Canonesses to which the prisoner belonged has pronounced her solemn exclusion—an act which had never before occurred since the community was founded.

THE festivities in honour of the marriage of Prince Humbert terminated on Thursday night with a splendid ball given by the municipality of Florence to the Royal Family in the Palace of the Cascine, and by a popular *festa champêtre* in the surrounding grounds, which were brilliantly illuminated. The Crown Prince of Prussia left for Spezia and Genoa on Friday morning. His Royal Highness reached Genoa in the afternoon, and was very enthusiastically received.

THE Greek Parliament was opened on Thursday by the King in person, who delivered a speech from the throne. His Majesty announced that in order to consolidate the throne he had married Princess of the Orthodox religion. His Majesty's object in dissolving the last Chamber had been to ascertain the opinion of the nation, relative to the constitutional distribution of power. The King in his speech declared further that it was a national duty to aid in alleviating the sufferings of a kindred people. His Majesty also drew attention (the telegram says) to the inequality between the revenue and expenditure.

THE *Morinello* of Genoa relates that a train from Upper Italy had lately a narrow escape from destruction on the line from Bologna to Florence. It consisted of nearly forty wagons, and was descending the Appenines at so frightful a speed that the break had no longer any power over it. The conductor and engineer, after making repeated signals of distress, gave themselves up for lost. Fortunately, a pointsman at a particular station, guessing the danger from the strange noise, hit upon the idea of turning the course of the engine into a sideway which led up the mountain towards a stone quarry. This was quite a stroke of genius, as the speed of the train, forced to mount instead of descend, was speedily checked and all disaster prevented.

THE *Moniteur de l'Armée* gives the following account of our first successful action with Theodore in the open, previous to the storming of Magdala: "The spies having apprised the Commander-in-Chief that the Negus contemplated an aggressive movement, he crossed the river Jeddah in haste, landing at the plateau of Talanta, at the extremity of which stood the fortress of Magdala. The next morning he caught sight of the enemy encamped on the brow of a hill which commanded the intervening ravines, the escarpments of which rendered approach to the Abyssinian army extremely difficult. The English General hesitated; he had not as yet arranged his plan of attack, when he was forestalled by the Abyssinians, who threw themselves *en masse* on the first brigade, and who, being resolutely received, were speedily driven back to their entrenchments, leaving the field of battle covered with dead bodies."

NEW SOUTH WALES.

NEW SOUTH WALES, like the mother country, owns more than 20,000,000 sheep; but, unlike the old country, produces every year, 5,000,000 good "muttons" more than it can eat. According to the latest intelligence, however, something better than boiling-down is likely to utilise the vast numbers of carcasses that have yielded their wool to the colonial flock-masters. The newspaper tells us that a trial cargo of at least 300 tons of mutton and beef will be shipped at Sydney for the English market; and from a private letter we learn that it may be expected to arrive in London by September, sound meat of good quality, that will have lost nothing of its natural flavour after its long voyage through the tropics. A friend on the spot has assured us that Mr. Mort is no enthusiast, and that the preserving process invented by Mr. Nicoll is practical and trustworthy beyond all doubt. The very best beef has been cooked and eaten in Sydney more than eleven months after being slaughtered; and the calculation of the commercial promoters of the scheme is that the transport to this country will cost a penny per pound, leaving a handsome margin for profit upon the price of meat in the colony. One favourable point in the enterprise is that very considerable supplies of meat can be obtained there, of quite good enough quality to sell well in England; while Queensland can furnish much larger quantities from its rich seaboard pastures without the long driving or railway journeying which are needful before shipping from Sydney.

It is the superior quality of the products which will enable our Australian colonies to outvie the great pastoral countries of Brazil and the Argentine Republic—at any rate for a considerable time to come; seeing that two or three pounds of the Argentine meat on the spot are declared to be no more nutritious than a single pound of ordinary English-fed meat. So that improved breeding will be some time in bringing the South American herds and flocks up to the standard of British eaters; and Australia need not at present fear any rival exporters from the South Atlantic coasts, though these are only half as far from the European market.

The Sydney process of preservation is by artificial cold, procured and continued by a very simple and cheap method of liquefying ammonia, which must remain for a short time longer a secret of the Patent Office; but a friend who has seen the whole *modus operandi*, assures us that its ingenuity is equalled by its obvious feasibility and economy. It is adapted also for many other purposes, such as the new method of refrigeration employed to simplify the manufacture of beetroot and other sugar.

Whatever may be the future of their meat producing, our pastoral colonists are certainly ahead of us in the management of wool. Why is it that we are afraid to try a little warm water and a few chemicals in whitening the fleece, before we clip it? Last season, no fewer than 200,000 sheep on one station alone were cleansed by the process of Mr. B. Dowling, of Victoria; and wool thus treated took the prize at the exhibition held in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh. In an oblong-shaped wooden bath, of about 1,500 gallons content, is a quantity of liquid, composed of a strong lye, taken from a boiler, and reduced by cold water to a temperature of 110 deg. This lye is composed of 2 lb. of soda and 1 lb. of soap to 10 gallons of water, more soap and less soda being used when there is little yolk in the wool.

In this diluted warm bath, half a dozen sheep at a time are made to swim for six minutes; then walked up an incline, and let stand to drip before being driven to a cold-water bath. This is a similar, but smaller wooden vat, and here the sheep are placed under a douche of cold water, pouring from a spout with a fall of seven feet, two men standing in the water and holding and turning each sheep under the pouring stream for about a couple of minutes. We are told, in this way, the very dirtiest fleeces become in a few minutes as clean as they can be made, and that the vats of the size mentioned, with two spouts of water, are sufficient for washing 800 sheep in a day. Hot-water washing and sputting the skin are said to throw out more yolk, to kill most of the ticks, and to raise the value of the wool very materially indeed.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The re-production of Rossini's domestic opera, "La Gazza Ladra," after so many years of unaccountable neglect, will be welcomed by all lovers of the truthful and beautiful in music. "La Gazza Ladra" was composed when Rossini was in the very zenith of his genius, and belongs to the period of "La Cenerentola," "Otello," "Il Turco in Italia," &c. It had an extraordinary success when first brought out, and was soon performed in all the great Continental opera houses. It was introduced at the King's Theatre in London in the year 1821, the celebrated Madame Campanese making her re-appearance, after an interval of four years, in the character of Ninetta. Subsequently the part of Ninetta became with prima donnas one of the most popular in the Italian repertoire, and was played by Madames Ronzi di Begnis, Sontag, Matibran, and Grisi. Grisi, in fact, made her earliest reputation in *Ninetta*, and many who followed her career with the deepest interest affirm that her most striking and perfect achievement was in the "Gazza Ladra." Mdlle. Clara Kellogg, we are informed, played *Ninetta* for the first time at Her Majesty's Opera, and, we are still further told, that the young lady had never previously seen the opera performed. That Mdlle. Kellogg was in nowise indebted to tradition for her conception and general treatment of the character of *Ninetta* will readily be believed by those who remember Grisi in the part. The new *Ninetta* is less impulsive, less emotional, and less pathetic than her renowned predecessor. She seems hardly as yet to know of what the part is capable. The cavatina, "Di piacer," instead of being an uncontrollable outburst of joy, and coloured highly with expressions of filial affection and regards for her lover, as in the lines:—

"L'uno al sen mi stringerà;
L'altro . . . l'altro . . . ah! che farà?"

was a mere vocal display, exquisitely finished, all the passages executed in the most faultless manner, with an ease and a quiet charm thrown over all, for which to some no amount of dramatic force or purpose could make amends. Of course those who listened to the music only were enchanted; but those who knew the cavatina and could recall what had been done with it by other singers expected more from so thoroughly and universally accomplished an actress. Again, the scene where *Ninetta* is led to execution, and sings the beautiful prayer, "Deh tu reggi in tal momento" (which, by the way, has furnished the leading idea of the quartet in "Rigoletto," "Un di si ben rammentom"), was wanting in intensity and profound sensibility, and did not realise the anguish of the moment. In this scene Grisi used to make a great point. She sang the prayer on her knees, and as she uttered the last words:—

"Si finisce di soffrir,"

she seemed to resign herself to her fate, and to forget all worldly considerations, until one of the soldiers touched her on the shoulder and recalled her to her misery with a shudder. That shudder, so natural and so affecting, used to have a powerful effect on the audience, and evoked many a sob and tear from the tender-hearted. These considerations apart, however, Madame Kellogg's *Ninetta* is an exceedingly charming and graceful impersonation, and we have no doubt, when time and experience have given her deeper insight into the character, that it will realise all the poet's intentions. For the singing we have only one word—or rather two words—unqualified praise. The music suits her admirably, and her first essay in the Rossinian school in this country must direct the manager to further productions of the Italian master's works for her. So beautiful a voice, such facile execution, and such an admirable style, with a large amount of dramatic art, are just what are wanting for *Desdemona* in "Otello," *Elena* in "La Donna del Lago," &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first of the series of "Grand Opera Concerts" came off on Saturday. The company was not so large as on the previous Saturday, when the great inauguration concert took place, although nearly nine thousand persons "assisted." The singers on this occasion, supplied from Her Majesty's Opera, were Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Trebelli-Bettiai, Mdlle. Rose Hersee; Signors Bettini, Foli, and Zoboli, Mr. Lyall and Herr Rokitansky, aided by the entire chorus of the theatre. The band was that of the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. A. Mann.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS.—To-day (Saturday), at Three o'clock, Mr. Ridley Prentice will give a Pianoforte Recital at the above rooms. Vocalist, Madine. Dowland; violoncello, Signor Piatti.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

WE must censure the Premier for having represented the Queen as so fond of the Ministry that she could not bear to part with them. Her Majesty was bound to accept his advice to dissolve on his assurance that the national will is not fairly represented in the House of Commons. To represent the acceptance of the advice to dissolve, after such an assurance, as a special mark of favour is a piece of the same absurdity which led Mr. Disraeli to represent it as a wonderful act of consideration and courtesy that the Queen gave him an audience on Friday and another on Saturday. Why should he think that the Queen would not discharge the ordinary and obvious duties of her station? He may be sure that the Queen will be equally ready to see his successor on every prior occasion, and with equal proper promptitude. Assuming that Mr. Disraeli really believed the opinion of the country to be with the Government, and not with the House of Commons, he did quite right to ask permission to dissolve, and to use his efforts to postpone dissolution until the new constituencies come into existence. Of course an immediate dissolution, with another in a few months, would be extremely inconvenient. But to go on through the Session with a House of Commons divided from the Ministry by such deep differences, such bitter quarrels, such profound distrust, is also rapidly getting intolerable, and we are approaching the point when the House of Commons must decide for itself which of two intolerable evils it hates and dreads the most. As to Mr. Bright's attack on the Premier, we hope we shall have no more of such things. Mr. Disraeli has been greatly to blame, but he is Prime Minister; and leaders of the Opposition must respect the office if they do not respect the holder. Otherwise the House of Commons will lose its character altogether, and will sink to the level of other popular assemblies to which it now considers itself so very far superior.—*Saturday Review*.

THE MANUFACTURE OF DIGNITIES.

The manufacture of dignities has gone on pretty rapidly of late years. Within the last thirteen years the Crown has created sixty-one peers and seventy-one baronets, a few of the peerages, however, being mere promotions. The Peerage certainly does not perish at that rate, and if the system goes on we shall one day see every rich man a Peer; or Pitt's idea will be realised, that every man with 10,000 acres should sit in the Lords. Even as it is, there are very few men with that amount of land, particularly if held in one block, who are not labelled in some way. The demand for baronetcies is a special and very curious feature in English society. They really give nothing except an hereditary label, yet they are evidently objects of very keen competition. Is it not possible to put two or three peersages and baronetcies up to auction, and see what they are actually worth in the estimation of millionaires?—*Spectator*.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT.

MR. STEVENS began the delivery of his long-threatened speech, and, says a correspondent, was able to read during only half an hour, and the work was finished by Mr. Butler. The argument was chiefly directed to the party-passions of the senators, though a few really logical positions were taken. Mr. Stevens considered it "interesting" to see the "chief officer of a trusting community arraigned before the bar of public justice." He did not mean to indulge in vituperation. The President's act in respect to Mr. Stanton was a "foul offence." The respondent "might as well call on the managers to prove the shape, size, and colour of the devil as to prove the President's intention." The President was described by Mr. Stevens as "a political trickster," a "wretched man," and the "offspring of assassination." He need not hope to escape conviction. The Senate, having adopted the Civil Tenure Act, was bound to affirm the constitutionality of that Act. (Mr. Stevens here quoted the vote of the Senate in passing the Act, to show that a similar vote would be given upon the question of the President's guilt or innocence.) The courteous Manager went on to threaten the Senator. "Wretched man," said the Manager, "standing at bay, surrounded by a cordon of living men, each with the axe of the executioner uplifted for his just punishment! Will any senator vote for his acquittal on the ground of its [the Civil Tenure Act's] unconstitutionality?" . . . Neither for the sake of the President, nor any one else, would one of them suffer himself to be turned on the gibbet of everlasting obloquy! How long and dark would be the track of infamy which must mark his name and that of his posterity!" Then followed a statement of Mr. Johnson's numerous crimes. Much was said about the terrible offence of appointing Conservatives to office. Senators elected by Republicans, who had sustained Mr. Johnson's policy, were mentioned by name as the "leaders of the new rebellion," as having "put on the faded uniform of grey," as having "accepted the office of recruiting sergeants for Johnson's shabby army." These senators were named, as I have said, as "Doolittle," "Cowan," &c. The President's adherence to Conservatism was described as "baser than the betrayal by Judas Iscariot, who betrayed only a single individual: Johnson had sacrificed a whole nation!" There was, it will be observed, no "vituperation"; but was there not something worse?

JEWEL ROBBERY.—On Wednesday, between one and two o'clock, the house of the Countess Teleki, 41, Eaton-Square, was entered, as it is supposed, from the adjoining house, which is at present untenanted. The servants were at dinner, and the countess had gone out on horseback. The thief is supposed to have entered the house by one of the upper windows, and to have descended to the bedroom of the countess, where he found two caskets of jewels, some bank notes and money, and then to have returned to one of the upper rooms, where he broke open the caskets, took out the jewels, and returned as he had come. The person in charge of the empty house had left it during the precise time which elapsed between the jewels being seen and missed, and is therefore unable to give any information as to who may have entered the house in his absence. The thief was evidently a stranger, as more valuable and convertible property lay close at hand, and might have easily been taken. A reward of £100 has been offered for the discovery of the jewels.

CITY HAT COMPANY's only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOE-LANE, exactly EIGHT doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers.

—[ADVT.]

THE NEW ROAD FROM FRANCE TO ITALY.

WE give two illustrations of the route taken by the new road between France and Piedmont; and which is accomplished by cutting a tunnel through the Alps, as stated in our last. Our first engraving shows the Chateau de Veyras, showing the road winding round behind it. The other illustration shows Lucerne and Capiers, which are on the direct road, and are highly picturesque places, and will doubtless soon become much better known.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has returned from America with little cause to be dissatisfied with his visit. Wherever he went the people flocked to hear him, and had he extended his tour through the Western States he might have increased almost indefinitely the large profit which every one of his readings brought him. At the dinner given to him by members of the press just before his departure he declared that he had been "astounded by the amazing changes" he had seen everywhere and in everything, including the press. We shall have no more sketches to place by the side of Mr. Jefferson Brick, but Mr. Dickens's impressions of the "new America" he has just seen will not be the less welcome because he is enabled to give a good report of the land. He will undertake this work, although he has announced that "no consideration on earth" shall induce him to write a special book on the subject. In *All the Year Round* he will bear testimony to the noble qualities of the people who have received him so well, and reprint that testimony as an appendix to every addition of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and the "American Note," hereafter to be published. The statements he made in New York at one of the most enthusiastic meetings held of late years in that gay and pleasant city.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

Park-lane is still obstructed by heaps of broken stones and barricades, the enormous traffic which ought to pass along it is forced into all manner of by-lanes and mews, and the people whose houses abut on it, and their visitors, have to climb to their doors as best they can. And all this is happening, and will continue to happen for the next month, simply because the Board of Works and the vestry of St. George's, Hanover-square, have chosen to place themselves in antagonism to each other. Indeed the only party concerned in the improvement of Park-lane who appears to come well out of the business is Mr. Edmond Beales. It is clear that but for that gentleman's strong views as to the freedom of political meeting and his energetic manner of illustrating them, the Park-lane of our ancestors would have remained *in statu quo* for some generations longer.

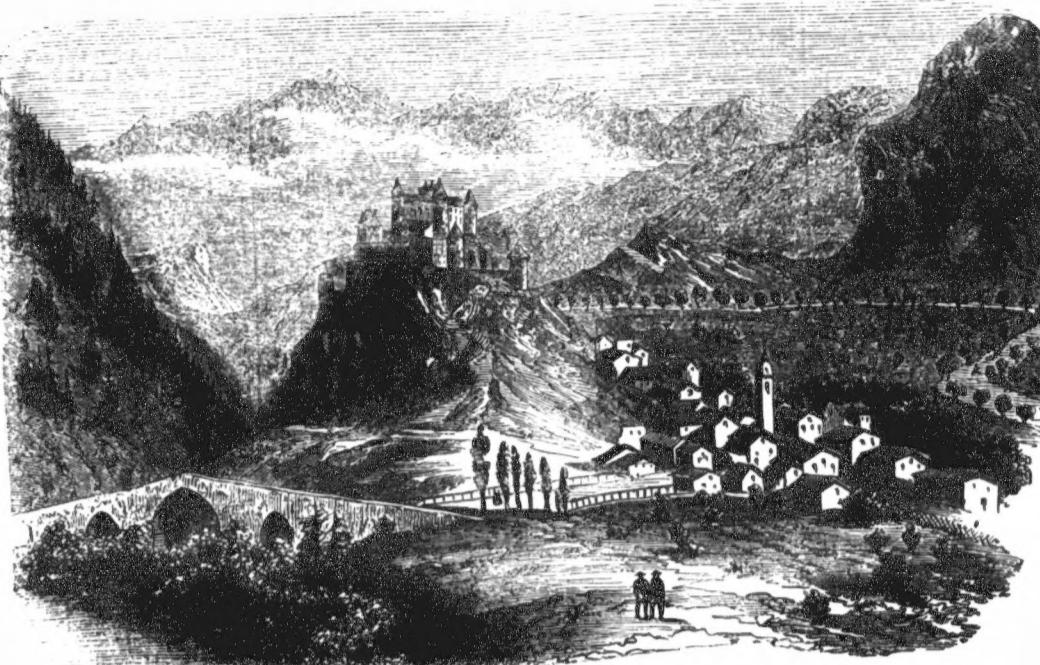
SIR R. NAPIER.

THE Army and Navy Gazette says that *Punch* is unjust to the Commander-in-Chief in representing him as treating Sir R. Napier with neglect. From the commencement of the expedition he has experienced the most prompt support and cordial sympathy from the Royal Duke at the Horse Guards, and the news of the happy *déroulement* was hardly over London before his Royal Highness suggested that Her Majesty should be invited to confer upon Sir Robert the Grand Cross of the Bath at once, pending the arrangement of other rewards, which fall more within the province of Government to bestow, and which will, no doubt, be bestowed when the despatches arrive. Sir Robert was much impeded and harassed in the beginning by the parsimonious errors of the Bombay Government, and his Royal Highness's personal influence was readily exercised in support of Sir Robert Napier.

"COWCATCHERS."—The French railway authorities have warned all persons disposed to make use of their lines for suicidal purposes that they are likely to be baffled in their object, all the engines now in use in France being provided with an instrument called a *chasse pierre*, which, like the American "cowcatcher," throws aside whatever impediment it meets on the line. But the other day a man seeking to be crushed to death on the Amiens line was thus dealt with by the *chasse pierre* and escaped with a broken arm.

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

VIEW OF LUCERNE, ON THE ROAD FROM FRANCE TO ITALY.



INTELLECTUAL REPUTATION.

PERSONS who have trained themselves to habits of nice discrimination in the use of epithets that mark character often have their ears vexed by the looseness and confusion of common speech. One hears people in sight of a landscape, or in a great cathedral, or before a famous picture use such terms as beautiful, handsome, fine, pretty, noble, and so forth, in a promiscuous manner that is very painful to anybody who knows that these words are no more synonymous than red and blue are identical colours. It is just as vexatious to observe the same kind of confusion in criticising intellectual and moral quality. Clever, able, gifted, distinguished, and all the other phrases which are meant to define some sort of intellectual superiority or eminence, are thrown miscellaneous hither and thither, as if the kind of power implied in them all were one and the same. One very obvious inconvenience of this looseness of usage is that a critic can never be certain of his words being understood in the sense in which he wishes them to be understood. It is really a serious drawback not to be able to praise a man for cleverness without the risk of ninety-nine persons out of hundred believing that you thus intend to place him on the same high level as the man whom you credit with ability or with distinction. This inconvenience impairs what would otherwise be the excellent fun of hearing, as we often may, some ponderous Dryasdust, the author of voluminous patriotic commentaries, eulogised by ladies of his acquaintance as wonderfully clever; the writer of burlesques extolled as gifted or distinguished; and the smartly humouristic person or an author of graceful verse as extremely able. But there is another point about this which is worse than a mere inconvenience. That the various epithets for intellectual eminence of any kind should be used in lax and confused fashion is the certain sign of a corresponding defect in the populous analysis and estimate of different sorts of reputation. People bestow their adjectives without nice judgment because

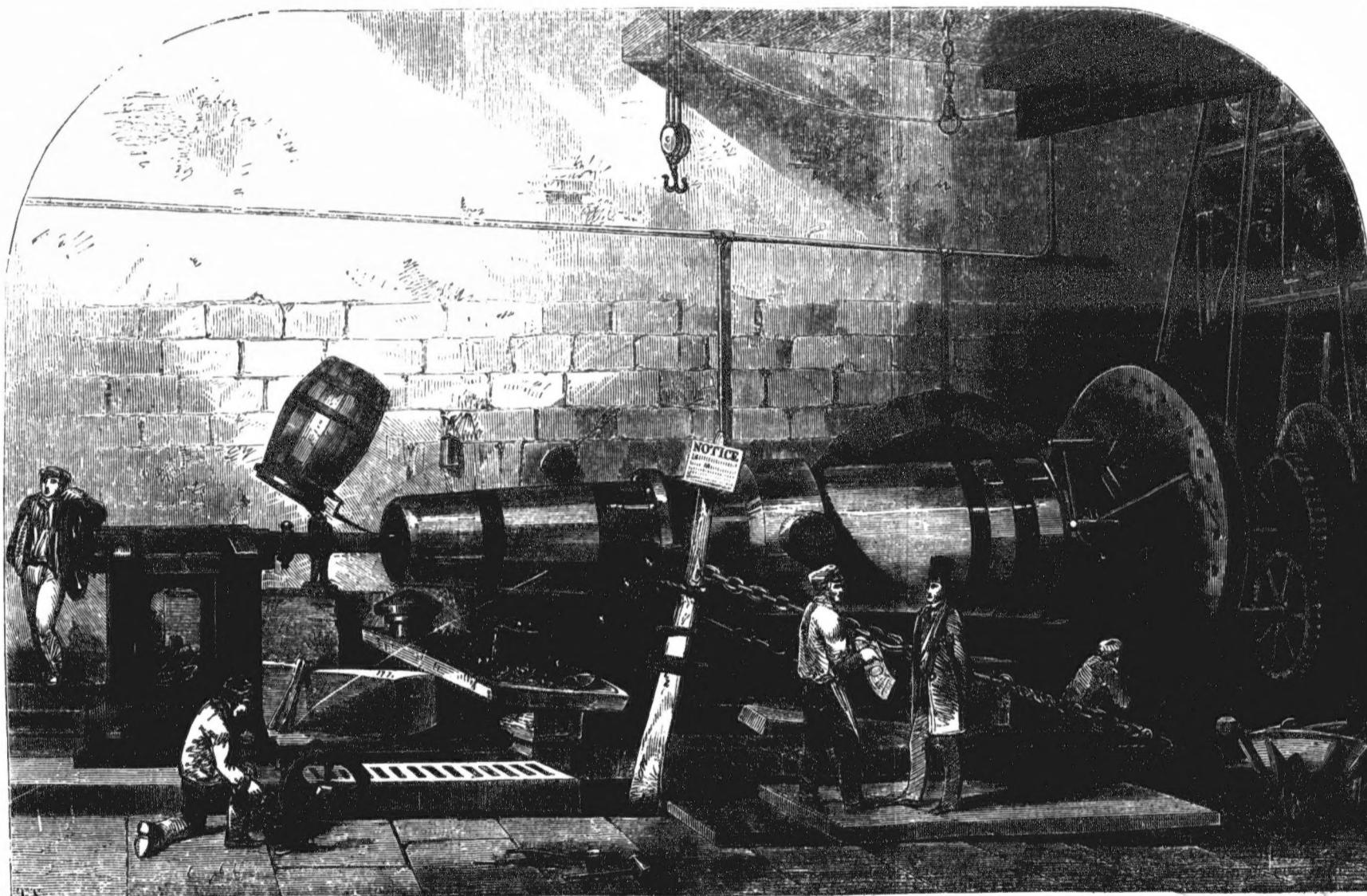
might suffice to slay this fallacy. Still the able man has properties some degrees more uncommon and more serviceable than he who is only clever and nothing besides. In literature what cleverness usually secures is a power of expression so remarkable as to conceal or at least divert attention from thinness of thought, slenderness of acquired knowledge, and unreasoned judgments. Mr. Disraeli's novels are perhaps the very best illustrations we have of what is emphatically and distinctively clever. They have brilliant whiffs of history, philosophy, society, romance, and most other fine things about them, and they are pleasant enough reading; but they are seen by anybody who cares to turn back to the fables of his college days to be incurably flashy. It is the characteristic of the clever man to get now and then at a right opinion, but then the result appears to be and is an accident. With the able man his opinion is not only right; it is a reasoned opinion. He can tell you why it is right, with what kind of arguments it is met, with what it may be rebutted; into what general system or scheme of opinions it fits; what consequences flow from it. This completeness of his opinions is one of the main reasons why, while we only admire the clever man, we allow the able man to be our leader.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

BORING A WROUGHT IRON GUN AT THE MERSEY IRON WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

THE application of wrought or malleable iron to the construction of pieces of ordnance, has long been held matter of debate among practical as well as among scientific men; the difficulties to be overcome have been held to be so great, in so welding a sufficient quantity of iron into one perfectly homogeneous mass as would insure its solidity without in any degree impairing its tenacity. The value of soft and tough iron as applicable to the purposes of warlike implements, has been long understood and

THE CONVICT MICHAEL BARRETT.

On Wednesday Mr. Gathorne Hardy received at the Home Office a deputation which presented a memorial praying that a respite might be granted in order that an inquiry should take place into the truth of the *alibi* advanced on the part of Michael Barrett at his recent trial, as also into the conclusiveness of the evidence offered on the part of the Crown. Mr. Bright, M.P.; The O'Donoghue, M.P.; and the counsel and solicitors for the prisoner were present. The substance of the memorial having been stated, the Home Secretary said that he had already recognised the necessity of such an inquiry, and had taken steps to secure one. He had also applied for the Chief Justice's notes of the trial, and assured the deputation that the matter would receive his most serious consideration. The inquiry is now proceeding at Glasgow, and 14 distinct affidavits have been transmitted to the Home Office. Five of these are by persons who saw Barrett at the torchlight procession in Glasgow on the night of the 21st of November, namely, three weeks before the date of the Clerkenwell explosion. These testify to the fact that at that time he had short whiskers, and one of them refers to the accident by which one of his whiskers was singed by a torch. Two of the affidavits are by persons who saw him frequently in Glasgow between that date and the end of December, and corroborate the evidence of his presence at the meeting at the Bell Inn on the night of the explosion. Three are to the effect that on Sunday, the 8th day of December, five days before the explosion, Barrett was present at a christening in Glasgow—these latter affidavits being sworn by the father and mother of the child who was christened, and one of the guests who was present on the occasion. One is by a man who saw him on the 12th and 13th of December; on one of these days in company with Mullin, the man who, as will be recollect, was staved on the trial to have taken Barrett to M'Nulty's (the shoemaker) on the 12th, the day before the explosion. One is an affi-



BORING A WROUGHT IRON GUN AT THE MERSY IRON WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

they possess little discrimination of the manifold diversities in capacity and grasp and fineness that exist among men, and that are variously demanded for the many sorts of work that men have to do. Clumsy and unintelligent distribution of qualifying epithets is the natural symptom of a defective appreciation of the qualities which they really denote. We acquire a habit of talking of cleverness, ability, distinction, as synonymous, because we have a habit of assuming that all intellectual fibre is of much the same quality provided only it be at all above the ordinary quality. This mistaken way of looking at capacity necessarily infects the objects of it, and a blundering style of panegyric aids and abets the delusions of self-love in persuading a man that he is of much loftier rank than he has any real pretensions to claim. Encourage one whose special qualities are acuteness, adroitness, rapidity in cut and thrust, a ready handling of his metaphor, and the other traits of a clever man, to believe that he has rich gifts of sensibility, and the chances are ten to one that he ranks himself among poets and novelists; call him able and powerful, and he will straightway aspire to play a conspicuous part in transactions that demand not metaphor and adroitness only, but coolness, steadiness, long-headedness, tact, and knowledge of the ways and moods of men.

Cleverness, which in common speech is used as the most comprehensive and lofty of all terms of intellectual encomiasm, ought in strict propriety to denote qualities of the least rare and valuable kind. No men are so agreeable to meet or to have among one's acquaintances as clever men. Their books and speeches are excellent. Their brightness, alacrity, shiftiness, are all delightful. But, then, to deserve the reputation of being able, which is the next higher stage in the scale, they must have something more. There are scores of clever men whom we have no right to call able, but there are many able men who are clever too. The latter will be classified according to the preponderance of the two sets of qualities, whether their solid or their more brilliant traits predominate. It is a natural blunder to hold that a very showy man is only clever. The single instance of Sydney Smith, one of the ablest as well as one of the wittiest of the writers of the century,

practically carried out in the manufacture of small arms; and the problem which remained to be solved was the possibility of applying the same material to the construction of the heaviest ordnance which had been so successfully employed in the formation of musketry. This is a question which has long occupied the minds of those who devote attention to the scientific prosecution of the varied adaptability of iron; and to the banks of the Mersey, and to the skill and enterprise of the men of Liverpool, belong the honour of having first successfully attempted the achievement of this new application of wrought-iron. So long ago as 1825, the subject was seriously taken up by Messrs. Horsfall, and in that year they forged at their establishment, the Mersey Steel and Iron Works, a mass of iron for the purpose of being fashioned into a gun of vast magnitude and calibre for the United States steam-frigate Princeton. Since then the works have turned out guns of much larger dimensions and calibre. Our engraving shows one of these monsters in progress of boring.

THE NEW GAS ACT.—At a special meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works on Saturday, a report was received from the whole Board Committee on the metropolitan gas supply, relative to the bill to amend the Metropolitan Gas Act, 1860. The report was to the effect that the bill in question was of an impracticable character; that it would place the patronage in the hands of the Board of Trade; that it would tend to secure to gas companies a maximum rate of dividend which was not agreed to by the Committee of the House of Commons which sat last year; and that it would perpetuate annoyances and nuisances in populous districts. The Committee recommended that the solicitor of the Board should be instructed to prepare clauses to be proposed for insertion with a view to the amendment of the bill.

TRAMWAYS IN LONDON.—The vestry of St. George's, Southwark, contemplate laying down a tramway in the centre of the London-road, for the use of all kinds of vehicles. If successful, similar trams will be adopted on other roads in the parish.

davit by his employers, which testifies to his good character, but is otherwise immaterial, as he was compelled to discontinue work in the month of August, owing to ill-health. One is by a man who spent two hours with him on the morning of the 14th of December (the day after the explosion), and one by a labouring man of his acquaintance, who saw him on the quay of Glasgow on the 12th of December. On the other hand, the *Glasgow Herald* of Saturday publishes some facts which utterly discredit the evidence of M'Nulty, on which the *alibi* was chiefly based.

The Governor of Newgate has received an intimation from the Home Secretary that Barrett will be respite until the commission of inquiry into the alleged *alibi* has made its report.

RICH MEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

RICH men in the United States cannot be regarded with unqualified envy. In the first place they are taxed at a much higher rate than other classes of the community, and in the next their affairs are always being pried into by active journalists. Recently a New York magazine mentioned the names of ten wealthy citizens, and made their wealth the subject of some invidious comments. One of the accused, Mr. S. W. Roosevelt, writes to the *Times* of New York to complain of this as "Another evidence of the increasing tendency on the part of the public press to invade what was formerly considered to be the sacred domain of private life, and in the end to render private life impossible in this free country." Mr. Roosevelt further asks whether rich man has no rights, and whether the accumulation of property is to be considered an offence against society?

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVR.]

THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—Italian Opera.—Marta. Half-past Eight.
DRAYMARKET.—A Co-Operative Movement.—A Hero of Romance—Intrigue. Seven.
LYCEUM.—The Japanese. Eight.
OLYMPIC.—The Head of a Family—Black Sheep—Hit and Miss; or, All My Eye and Batty Martyn. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—FRENCH PLAYS.—Le Cabaret de Lustucru—Pauvre Jacques—Riche D'Amour. Eight.
ADELPHI.—Go to Putney—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot.—Play—A Silent Protector. Eight.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Doing for the Best—The First Night—Oliver Twist. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray.—The Merry Zingara—The Clockmaker's Hat. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—The Post Boy—The White Fawn—Honeydove's Troubles. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
SURREY.—Ambition—Cure for the Fidgets—The Trapper Trapped. Seven.
VICTORIA.—Oliver Twist—Comic Songs—The Female Detective. STANDARD.—The Birthday—Tempest—A Royal Marriage. Seven.
BRITANNIA.—The Dark Side of the Great Metropolis—The Confederate's Daughter. Quarter before Seven.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave Doré's Great Paintings. Eleven till Six. The Hall is lighted with gas day and night.
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HOLBORN.—Half-past Eight.
POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. Heller's Entertainment.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnaean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

THE SEWAGE QUESTION.

THE question "What shall we do with the sewage of our great towns?" is really the question of the day. It must soon be answered in a practical and satisfactory way, and now that the Court of Chancery is rigidly enforcing the non-pollution of rivers, it is well to understand in what way towns may best dispose of their sewage. On this point the Rivers Pollution Commissioners have spoken distinctly in their report, saying—"No arrangements for treating sewage are satisfactory except its 'direct application to land for agricultural uses.' The third report of the Commissioners on the Sewage of Towns, reciting the results of eight years' investigation, declares—"The right way to dispose of town sewage is to apply it continuously to land, and it is only by such application that the pollution of rivers can be avoided." It was the special duty of the former of these two commissions—each appointed by Royal authority—to "inquire into the best means of preventing the pollution of rivers." The latter commission—which was, however, the first in order of time—was instituted to "Inquire into the best mode of distributing the sewage of towns and applying it to beneficial and profitable uses," the result being to prove that "the agricultural application of sewage" was at once "practical and advantageous." In short, the agricultural utilisation of sewage was declared to be "the right way," on the condition that the sewage was applied "continuously." Such, we may add, has long been the avowed opinion of Baron Liebig. The word "direct" in one report, and "continuous" in the other, evidently signify that the chemical treatment of sewage for the purpose of extracting a concentrated manure is not an advisable plan. In regard to mechanical deposition the Rivers Pollution Commissioners say that the process involves a pecuniary loss, and "running streams receiving the effluent water are still polluted." It nevertheless appears that Her Majesty has put the inquiry into the wrong hands, or at least that the commissioners

in each case have arrived at a wrong conclusion. The best method of preventing the pollution of rivers and utilising the sewage of towns is not that which the commissioners have recommended. Instead of constructing intercepting sewers and irrigating the land with the fluid contents, we are told to rely on what is called "the dry-earth system of sewerage," as opposed to that which is styled "the water system." That the plan devised by the Rev. Mr. Moule for the absorption of sewage by dry earth is admirably adapted for small and isolated populations we readily allow, but that it can by any possibility supersede what is sometimes designated "water carriage" in respect to large towns is a conclusion altogether inadmissible. Let us imagine, if we can, what is involved in the use of 5,000 carts and 10,000 horses to convey into London every day 18,000,000 pounds of dry earth, and to take out again 23,250,000 pounds of compost manure. The new Thames Embankment roadway might be given up wholly and solely to this dismal procession of "earth carts." But the advocates of the earth-closet system have something to say against the efficiency of sewage irrigation. Captain Fishbourne, in reading a paper on this topic before the "Health Department" of the Social Science Association, stated that Professor Voelcker "has repeatedly analysed the clarified water of sewerage after it has undergone the purifying influence of irrigation, and in the majority of instances has found such water, though clear and free from smell, almost as unfit for drinking, cooking, and washing purposes as it was in its filthy condition." "In the majority of instances" such was the result. But why not in all? and if not in all, why in any? Of course land may be drenched with sewage, and the "once-run" water may still retain a portion of the sewage elements. But if the discharge from one field is sent over another, or if the quantity originally applied is duly proportioned to the area of operation the effluent water may be as fit to drink as Captain Fishbourne's bottled earth is to smell. In fact, such water has been drunk by parties quite cognisant of its origin, and it would certainly seem that if earth carried into town in a cart possesses such wonderful powers of purification, considerable virtue must abide in the earth before it is dug up and removed. In the case of the actual field there is also the advantage of vegetation, which arrests and assimilates the elements of sewage. To this power of extraction exhibited by growing plants Mr. Moule is himself indebted for the ultimate purification of the earth which he conveys from the houses. Otherwise rain falling on the compost would carry into the next stream a mass of pollution from the seemingly pure earth. It is satisfactory to know that the Rivers Pollution Commissioners quite understand what they are about, and that Professor Frankland has taken certain samples of fluid from the Sewage Farm at Barking for the purpose of analysis. When the results appear the public will be the better able to estimate the value of the appeal made to Professor Voelcker, who—strange to say—gave decided testimony in favour of the plans of the Metropolis Sewage Company, when their project was undergoing examination before a parliamentary committee.

MANAGERS OF THEATRES.

Is it impossible for the managers of theatres to mitigate the hardships which are incidental to the attempt to get safely away from their houses? The scene of confusion which now takes place after a performance at any of the theatres is disgraceful. Crowds of ragamuffins besiege the unfortunate father of a family, and draw him away up back streets in search of a cab. At the Queen's, for instance, it seems to be the rule not to allow cabs to draw up to the doors until all the private carriages are gone, and even the policemen on duty are so eager in looking out for "tips" that they forget their duty. There is no cab to be had without walking into the dreary regions of Drury-lane for one. We do not suppose that any such order as we have suggested has been given, but practically that is the operation of the system. The proper plan would be to facilitate the departure of people as they presented themselves at the doors, whether they sought the family coach or the humbler cab, and this is practised at some theatres. There must necessarily be some disorder and grumbling, but there need not be the special pains to create those evils which appear to be taken outside the Adelphi or the Queen's.

NEW FORTIFICATIONS.

We doubt much the policy of Sir John Packington's contemporaneous snubs at what the right hon. baronet calls "amateur" i.e., "non-professional" criticism of the enormous expenditure which is being incurred on account of the new fortifications. If Sir John's position that none but professional men are worth listening to on professional matters is tenable, how comes it that he, a civilian, has so long claimed to be our parliamentary oracle on naval matters? how comes it that he now undertakes to be the exponent of the Queen's regulations as to promotion in the Guards, to be, as it were, Neptune and Mars rolled into one? If we are to feel any confidence in Sir John Packington as First Lord of the Admiralty or as Minister of War, we must, perchance, believe that it is possible for an intelligent and industrious civilian to acquaint himself with naval and military matters, even though he should be an anonymous journalist, or a writer in *St. Paul's Magazine*—a publication so obscure that Sir John Packington not only has no respect for it, but has never even heard of it.

AN ABYSSINIAN GRANDEE.—In an article entitled "The Abyssinian Expedition," in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, by Clements R. Markham, Geographer to the Expedition, an interview is recorded between the Commander-in-Chief and the Lika Mankwass Ilim, a nobleman sent by Kassa, who arrived accompanied by Mr. Munzinger and Major Grant. The Abyssinian grande, bringing with him a number of *negarets* and long horns, which made a most diabolical noise, was received in durbar by Sir Robert Napier, witnessed some evolutions of the Scinde Horse and 3rd Cavalry, finished twelve bottles of rum in two sittings, and set out on his return to Adowa after completing his morning's toilette by sticking two huge pats of butter on his head. The British soldier turned the chief's somewhat strange name into "Liquor-my-goose."

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

PUBLIC OPINION.

MR. DISRAELI AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. DISRAELI, in the mental perturbation which his ministerial troubles have induced, has shown some disposition to recur to the language of his political infancy, the language in which he outlanguished O'Connell and slandered Peel. He is thrown aside, as it seems, all respect for the House of Commons. He can scarcely demean himself with decency towards it. Last year nothing could exceed his complaisance and deference. He declared at Edinburgh that the secret of managing the House was very simple; it was to treat it with courtesy. Has this art suddenly failed him? The spectacle of the Prime Minister of England denouncing the House of Commons as the promoter of confusion in the country has created indignation at home and will produce amazement abroad. It is, as Mr. Gladstone said, without parallel. The false position which Mr. Disraeli occupies is sufficiently obvious of itself. There was no need that he should go out of his way to emphasise it, as he did in the remarks which gave the signal for the angry alteration of Thursday night. His indecorous absence earlier in the evening from important debates and divisions, and his persistent silence, were sufficient proofs that, though still the First Minister of the Crown, he had abdicated or been deposed from the leadership of the House of Commons. Absence and silence, however, are his least faults. His presence and speech are more mischievous. They make the discord articulate which was before latent. The implications which Mr. Disraeli has carefully scattered abroad that, though disowned by Parliament, he has the support of the Crown, aggravate the evil of the situation. They go far to justify the stern language in which Mr. Bright gave utterance to the indignation and distrust of Parliament.—*Daily News*.

MR. AYTOUN'S AMENDMENT.

It can only be a matter for the most conjectural calculation what is likely to be the bias of the new Parliament in the matter of endowments. They may appreciate the position of having something to dispose of, and though there will be very little to bestow, they may still choose to sit down and divide what there is between the various claimants. The endowments of the Irish Church will come, like treasure trove, into the hands of our new Lord of the Manor, and he may like to show his judgment and good sense in their distribution. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions simply disestablish and disendow the Irish Church, but certainly leaves it open to deal with the endowment in any way that may seem best, and by no means shut out the Romish Church from any chance of a share in the arrangements that may be made. Mr. Ayton would have gone much farther than this in dealing with the Roman Catholics. He would have shut them and their institutions out of all chance of a share in the endowments. Of course the new Parliament will, under any circumstances do what it thinks best; but Mr. Ayton would have saddled it with a quarrel ready-made to its hands.—*Times*.

THE GRANT TO SIR CHARLES DARLING.

As the British public not only finds enough to do in minding its own affairs, but is inclined to believe that the people of Victoria are quite competent to manage theirs, it is after all little more than a theoretical interest which attaches to the discussion into which the Lords threw themselves with so much spirit. If we mean to exercise an effective control over the disputes of the colonists, we should do so in such a manner as to impress the people with our authority. It is hardly reasonable to expect an official separated from us by the diameter of the globe, and unable to act except by and through ministers supported by local assemblies, to assert that authority with effect. A better course would seem to be to permit the Governor on the spot to give so much formal assistance to his Ministers as is necessary for their free action in the assembly, on the understanding that the final sanction of the Crown will depend on the decision arrived at by the Imperial Government, to be announced by the Secretary of State.—*Daily News*.

ARMY ORGANISATION.

We advise England to follow the example of Canada so far as to make militia service compulsory in fact, as it is in theory, on all but those who discharge their obligations to the country in the volunteer ranks. Very little pressure would be needed to increase almost infinitely the numerical strength of the volunteers. A little indolence is, with most young men, the only obstacle that prevents them from joining the national ranks; and the chance of a ballot for the militia would, with the great majority, suffice to turn the scale. Whether we look at France or Prussia or the other great military Powers, or at our own colonies in Australia and Canada, we find the same idea prevailing, that a population trained to arms is a better reliance than a limited army, however efficient in itself, without reserves to back it. A war of very short duration is sufficient to drive us to depend upon half-trained recruits, as we did to a great extent in the Crimea, and nothing will enable a country to create highly-trained battalions with the rapidity required by the drain of war so readily as the possession of a vast population who have mastered beforehand the rudiments of military duty. A vast reserve of men who, if not trained in the sense in which a severe disciplinarian would use the term, are capable of being trained in the course of a very few weeks, is the resource which will maintain a contest long after the first available army may have been used up on service.—*Saturday Review*.

THE MONEY MARKET.

During the week the demand for money has been larger than it was a short time ago, and the market rate has been generally above the Bank rate. Under these circumstances it might have been expected that the Bank of England would have raised the rate, but it is not a case in which the public need censure them from refraining. There is a great difference between a rise in the value of money arising from a drain of bullion and one arising from an augmented demand for capital. In the case of a bullion drain the Bank of England reserve—the principal unused reserve of the country—is dangerously diminished, and the whole nation may suffer. In that case one is justified in censuring the Bank of England, for it is neglecting its principal function. But when the pressure on the Bank is one for discounts only, and there is no likelihood of a dangerous diminution in the reserve, the Bank may safely be allowed to manage its own business. If it supplies capital cheaper than it might, its profits are less, but no one is hurt save its proprietors. Owing to the great increase in the private deposits, the Bank of England has become a larger seller of capital than ever, and if it does not choose to ask the largest possible price for its capital, no one else need much care. It is a matter which the directors—who are solely responsible—may solely be left to settle.—*Economist*.

NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.

The main condition of thrifty government anywhere is strength in the Government itself, distinctness and decision in the mind of the man who ultimately rules, and in this country, or any other country ruled by a parliamentary system, this condition is a cardinal one. The departmental chief can rarely be trusted, one might almost say can never be trusted, to keep down expenditure. His bias must always be, and within certain limits ought to be, towards securing efficiency in his department; and he is surrounded by permanent officers always ready to suggest, in all honesty and out of full belief, that efficiency can best be secured by increased expense. Some force external to the department is required to keep down expenditure, and that force can only be applied by the Cabinet, or rather by the Minister, whether Premier

or Chancellor, whom the Cabinet supports. The House of Commons certainly is unequal of itself to the task. If the Premier tells the First Lord of the Admiralty that he must reduce, or must not increase his estimate, it always is reduced, or not increased. If the pressure is applied for any long time, a tone of thrift gets into the department. Where the pressure is withdrawn for any length of time, the increase of expenditure is as steady as the increase in the water pouring through a hole in a dyke. There is one department, the India House, where the Cabinet pressure is never applied, and for ten years successive financial Ministers in India have complained, and complained in vain, of an increased expenditure at home, which seems to set all control at defiance. Now, nothing can be more certain than that the Cabinet, for the last two years, has not been in a position to exercise effective pressure upon the departments, and hence the alarming increase in the expenditure of the country.—*Economist*.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SEWING MACHINE TRADE.

THE MANUFACTURE IN GLASGOW.

The invention of the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and a host of lesser instruments, are undeniable proofs of progress in science and art, the aggregate results of which are positively incalculable. All this is so well known to people of ordinary intelligence that no argument or formidable array of statistics is required to establish the fact. It has become matter of history; and to each particular invention hangs a tale of difficulties overcome and of triumphs achieved, which reads like a romance. It is also pretty well known that the manufacture and working power of the Sewing Machine have grown in vast proportions of late years, with every prospect of a still greater development in time to come.

In the course of 1850 an ingenious New England mechanic, named Isaac Merritt Singer, was shown an old sewing machine by a shopkeeper in Boston, who told him that "a good thing" might be made out of it if it were improved in certain parts. Mr. Singer took the machine to pieces, studied its mechanism for a whole night; set to work immediately, and in eleven days turned out a complete machine, with at least three original devices. The first trial was unsuccessful, through an overlook to adjust the tension of the thread, and the poor mechanic left the workshop in company with a fellow-craftsman in a sad state of despondency. On the way to his lodgings, however, the idea of adjusting the thread properly suddenly flashed upon him, and he returned to the workshop, made the necessary alteration, and had the satisfaction of seeing the machine working admirably. Next day he carried it off to New York, took out a patent, formed a partnership with the Boston shopkeeper and the mechanist in whose shop the model was made, and thus started the "Singer Sewing Machine Company," which has since been the largest manufacturing firm of the kind in the world. In 1851 an improved Singer machine was exhibited at work in the Great International Exhibition of that year in London, and attracted much attention. Meanwhile, business grew to large proportions, and in course of time an extensive factory, was established in New York, with powerful and complicated machinery, giving employment to upwards of 1,100 workmen. In connection therewith there is now a needle manufactory and a sewing silk factory, giving employment to 320 hands; while the agents in the United States for the disposal of the machines present the enormous total of 1,500. We find, from official returns published in the *New York Commercial Chronicle*, that 43,653 sewing machines were manufactured and sold by the Singer Company during the year ending 10th June, 1867. Since that time the turn-over has increased to upwards of 62,000 per annum, or something like 1,200 machines every week—a pretty clear proof, we think, of their usefulness and popularity.

In 1856 the Singer Company resolved to open an agency, or branch establishment, in Great Britain, and after due consideration, Glasgow was selected as a proper basis for their European operations. A shop was accordingly taken in Buchanan-street, where the agency has remained, and now is under the management of Mr. J. Marshall. The shop was stocked with machines in August of that year; but at the outset customers came in slowly, and were difficult to convince when they came. In the first place there was a strong prejudice against the machines, and in the second place they were very high in price. Thirty pounds were charged for the same sort of machine which is now sold for ten guineas, but owing to the improvement of machinery, the division of labour, and the great number sold, the profits on each are about the same, although the price has been reduced nearly two-thirds. Within the last six months a new and important step has been taken in the sewing machine business connected with Glasgow. The Singer Company has started a factory in that city, under the superintendence of Mr. W. F. Proctor, one of the directors, with the intention of supplying the whole of Europe with their machines, instead of importing them from America as they have hitherto done. They have been induced to do this through a variety of reasons which appear to be conclusive. In the first place, wages are much higher in New York than in Glasgow, taxes are also higher, iron is higher, and when the machines are made where they are sold freight both ways is saved, and the risk of damage is reduced. It may also be stated that at least one-half of the iron used by the company in their New York factory is taken from Glasgow across the Atlantic, subject to 30 per cent. *ad valorem* of duty. It is then made into machines and sent back again, a process which involves two unnecessary voyages, with all their delay and unavoidable expenses. At present the Singer factory in Glasgow employs about 100 hands, and turns out nearly 200 machines per week. This total is expected to be doubled and even trebled very soon by means of extended accommodation, additional hands, and improved machinery—a result that is of far more importance to Glasgow than any agency can be with its manufacturing machinery in America. It is in fact the establishment of an additional industry in our midst, with a corresponding distribution of wages; whereas an agency is merely an office for the collection of cash for the benefit of employers and workmen in a foreign country.

Competition is always admirable, because it tends to produce the best article, and must inevitably destroy that bane of inventive genius, a monopoly. Competition has done much for the present generation. It has given us the Singer Sewing Machine, which is hourly blessed by thousands of people who regard it as the most precious of their household goods, and why?—because it is the bread-winner. We speak advisedly in recommending this machine to the public, as we know from experience that it is unrivaled.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Top the earliest peas when in full flower, and early podding is a desideratum. Continue to earth up advancing crops of potatoes, which should at this season be done effectually, as a protective precaution against any frost which may ensue, as well as for assistance in tuber forming. The earliest sowing of dwarf French beans will likewise be showing through the ground, and should be well earthed up in like manner, and for a similar purpose. A slight sowing of Wallerchen and Cattell's broccoli might again be made for a successional supply. Turnips should also be sown again for a like purpose. I advise sowing some part of the seed for half an hour in lukewarm water before sowing—especially in dry weather; it will come up at different times, and so give a better chance of an ultimate crop. Hoe and thin out the earliest bed of onions, and run the hoe between rows of all similar seed beds as soon as the plants show well above ground. Stirring the soil around young seedling plants has an almost magical effect in regard to the aid it affords in inducing a speedy growth.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle*.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

SEVERAL grand balls have come off in Paris during the past ten days. Both the aristocratic and financial worlds, who, by the way, mix together much more than formerly, have been very busy and gay.

Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, who has recently removed to a splendid hotel, 33, Faubourg St. Honoré, near the Hotel de la Paix, gave a most enjoyable entertainment on the occasion of taking possession of her new residence. Princess Metternich was present, and wore a magnificent toilette of white tulle with a tunic of white gros grain, embroidered with gold. Mademoiselle de Pourtales, whose head-dress was a wreath of roses of different shades, made her appearance in a short white dress, ornamented with large agrafes of roses. Small bouquets of similar flowers decorated her white satin shoes, which were plainly visible, her skirts by no means touching the ground. It was at Mademoiselle de Rothschild's where it was decided that all the toilettes worn at Mademoiselle Pourtales' ball should be short.

Madame de Gallifet wore for head-dress a wreath of campanulas of various shades, and long garlands of campanulas were carelessly arranged on her white tulle dress. One young lady, I remarked, wore the tunic of her dress looped up at one side with a large flat bouquet of corn flowers and daisies, almost as large as a basket of flowers. A thick and a round wreath of similar flowers formed her head-dress.

The ball given by the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld Dondeauville was but thinly attended—certainly not more than a hundred ladies were present. I remarked many white muslin dresses worn that evening over rich silk slips, pale green, pink, and mauve being the favourite colours. Sometimes the muslin skirt was looped up high over the poult de soie petticoat, and fastened by a bouquet of flowers. The Countess de M. wore white muslin over pink poult de soie, the breadth separated by lines of white lace insertion, and bordered with a white lace rounce. The extremely low bodice, pointed at the top both back and front, was entirely composed of Alençon lace, and had a round basque; the rouch above it was made of dead pink silk; it was very wide, and was tied in a butterfly bow. Pink ribbons and diamonds in the hair.

At the Countess de Pourtales' ball, which took place last Friday, Mademoiselle Catherin (pretty Mademoiselle Gallifet's younger sister) was the special object of a flirtation. She wore an exquisitely made pink dress, looped up at each side with large jardinière bouquets, composed, as the name implies, of a variety of flowers. Round the bodice a jardinière wreath was arranged as a berthe; wide wreath to match for head-dress.

The Countess de Clercy wore a white tulle dress trimmed with garlands of white azaleas; a wreath of similar flowers on her head. Another very graceful personage, who looked a veritable fairy of spring disguised as winter, made her appearance in a white dress entirely covered with snowballs; by these I mean those early March flowers which are white and round like a ball of snow. Round wreaths for head-dresses seem suddenly to have come into favour again; they are a decided change, for we have so long been accustomed to the flat bandeaux.

Madame Elise has been making some particularly pretty toilettes lately. One I especially admired was called the "Graziella," and consisted of a white poult de soie dress embroidered all over with branches of real coral; a Chantilly lace tunic was looped up at the side, and fastened with a branch of coral. A coral berthe decorated the bodice. Mademoiselle Elise has also made another dress in a similar style—pearl-grey silk embroidered with rough coral, and the embroidery interspersed with white narcissi worked by hand in floss silk.

Another novel ball dress is called the "Hebe." It is composed of thick white silk, with a Canigao pouf at the back, which pouf is crossed by three bands of green feathers, on which are placed small bunches of oats glistening with dewdrops; at the side it is looped up with a spray of oats, and green feathers; a berthe of the same round the bodice. I have also seen a very stylish dress, intended for the Duchess of Hamilton. The material was black imperial silk; the front of the skirt was en tablier, and embroidered with dots of black silk and cut jet beads. The embroidery was continued to the back of the skirt, which it covered for about half a yard in depth. The paletot to be worn with this skirt was a demis-robe of blue cashmere, embroidered in black silk and gold braid; it described large pointed vandykes, decorated with trellis-work, which trellis was formed of narrow bands of embroidered cashmere braided with golds and these crossed each other, thus forming the pattern. The paletot terminated with a large blue and gold tassel.

Milord Ponson Quertier's marriage with the Marquis de la Rochelambert, took place at Rouen last week, and was celebrated with great pomp. M. Barrot, ex-ambassador of France, in Spain, and M. de Villiers, governor of the Bank of France, were witnesses for the bridegroom. Among the guests were Count de Laferrière, Count de Rouzé, Count de Nié, and the bridegroom's three sisters, who are all countesses—Mademoiselle de Valon, de la Poëze, and de la Bédoyère.

The bonnets, which were despatched to Rouen for the occasion, came under my notice before they were packed. One was a "Lea," bonnet made of white Spanish blonde, with a white Marie Antoinette aigrette at the side, which reared upwards, and was fastened with a diamond agrafe. Another was an "Ophelia" bonnet in white tulle, with a triple spray of clematis falling at the back; one of the sprays terminated with a bow and ends of white ribbon. There was likewise a very pretty bonnet, intended to be worn with a maize dress. It was made of maize gauze and ornamented with a large black lace butterfly. A high wreath of maize laburnum decorated the front of the bonnet, a spray being continued down the left side to mingle with the long ringlets now so universally worn in full dress.

A new style of hat has lately been introduced in Paris; it reminds me of the Henry III. toque, being a smart, coquettish-looking head-dress, very suitable to a young lady either for sea-side or country wear. It is made of black straw, and has a high crown, which is decorated with a coquille of black lace and a pouf of white feathers. It is one of those things impossible to describe in words, because it is at once so stylish and at the same time exceedingly simple. With the exception of this innovation, there is very little that is new in hats this season. The toque with flat crown and turned-up brim is generally adopted; either velvet, gauze, or lace is twisted round the crown as trimming. Gauze and lace lappets are much worn, falling at the back of these toques; when lace is used it is loosely tied below the chignon.

At the races on Thursday last I remarked a great many light dresses. The Countess de M. was entirely in white—white cashmere dress over a white gros grain petticoat, the latter bordered with a Marie Antoinette flounce. The cashmere skirt was gathered up from the sides so as to look full behind. All the short costumes are made very plain and flat in front, and bouffant or puffed out at the back. The elegantes wear the lower half of their skirts without any support; the effect is anything but pleasing, as crinoline can be better dispensed with under a train than under a short costume.

Mademoiselle de Pourtales wore at the races, on Sunday, a lilac faille petticoat, bordered with narrow flounces; a lilac China crêpe dress, apparently tufted all over at the back, and trimmed with guipure to match; a Marie Antoinette fichu open at the back, and a bow of lilac ribbon in the centre. A lilac gauze bonnet.—*Queen*.

LITERATURE.

"A Hand-Book to Canada, the New Dominion." F. Algar, London: "Canadian News" Office, 11, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, E.C.

THIS is a useful pamphlet, and will be of great value to those who are thinking of emigrating, because it supplies just that sort of information which is wanted, and which it is so difficult to get. The author says:—

"Extraordinary ideas prevail in Europe with respect to the climate of Canada. The so-called rigour of Canadian winters is often advanced as a serious objection to the country by many who prefer sleet and fog to brilliant skies and bracing cold, and who have yet to learn the value and extent of the blessing conferred upon Canada by her world-renowned 'snows'; so much so that the gradual diminution in the fall of snow in certain localities is a subject of lamentation to the farmers in Western Canada. Their desire is for the old-fashioned winters, with sleighing for four months, and spring bursting upon them with marvellous beauty at the beginning of April. A bountiful fall of snow, with hard frost, is equivalent to the construction of the best macadamised roads all over the country. The absence of a sufficient quantity of snow in winter for sleighing is a calamity as much to be feared and deplored as the want of rain in spring. Happily, neither of these deprivations is of frequent occurrence. It is generally supposed that the long winter is unfavourable to agricultural operations; and though the period during which ploughing may be carried on is shorter than in more favourable climates, yet there are many compensating advantages in the excellence of the snow roads, and the great facilities afforded thereby in conveying produce to market, in drawing manure, and hauling out wood from the forest. It is to its dry, bracing, if cold, winters that British America owes its exemption from the yellow fever of the Southern States, and its comparative freedom from the ague of the west. The influence of the great lakes in tempering the extreme heat of summer and the cold of the winter is remarkable."

"The climate of Quebec is unquestionably the most healthy in North America. Disease is unknown among the usual population, except that caused by inequality of diet or imprudent exposure to atmospheric changes. The extreme dryness of the air is shown by the roofs of houses (which are covered with tin) remaining so long bright, and by a charge of powder remaining for weeks unexploded in a gun. The steadiness and uniformity of the summer heat causes all grains and fruits to mature well and with certainty. In Quebec melons ripen freely in the open air, and apples attain a peculiar degree of excellence, those of the Island of Montreal being especially famed. The Island of Orleans, below that of Quebec, is equally celebrated for its plums."

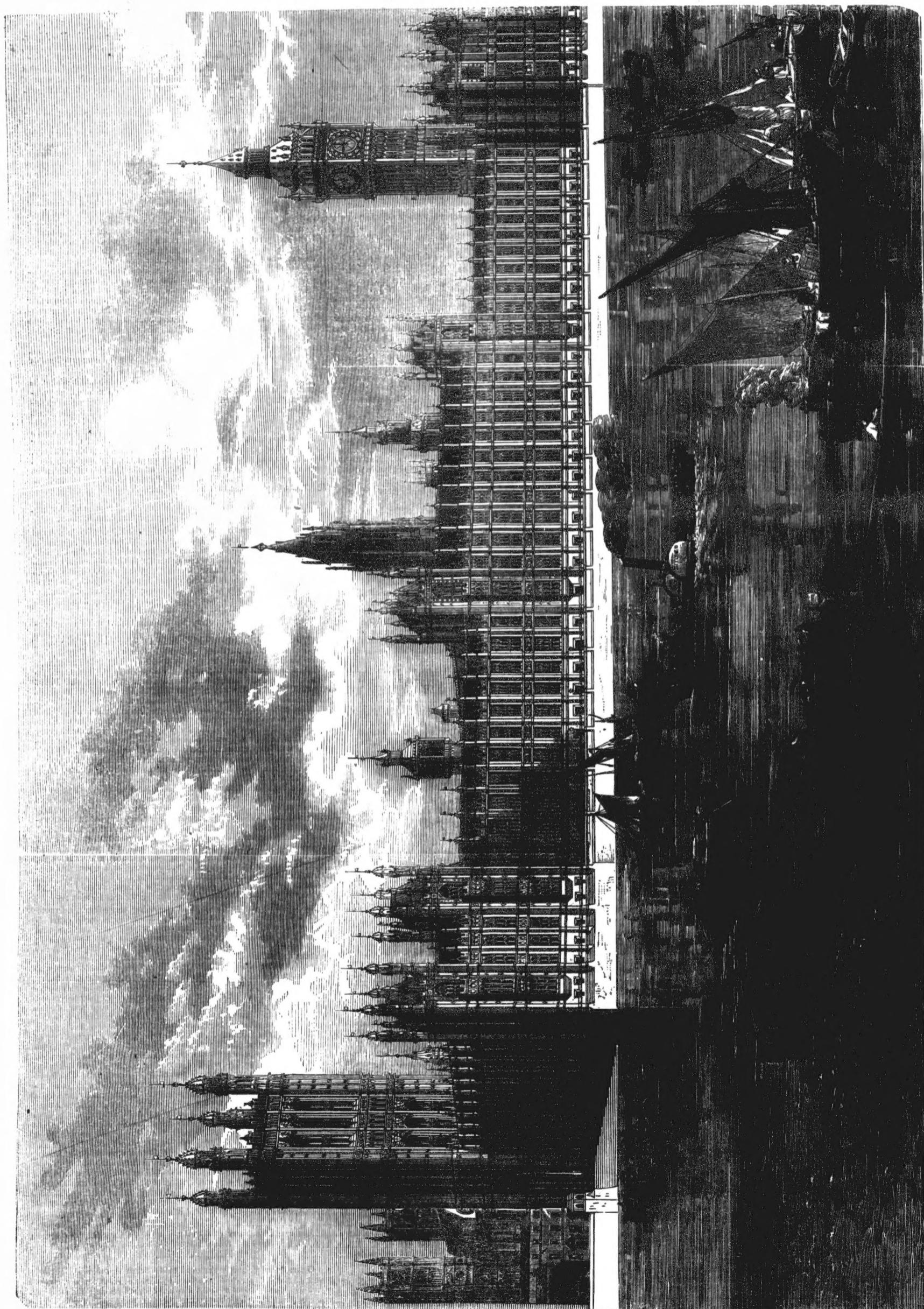
"Rambles on Railways." With Maps, Diagrams, and Appendices. By Sir Cusack P. Roney. Ellingham Wilson.

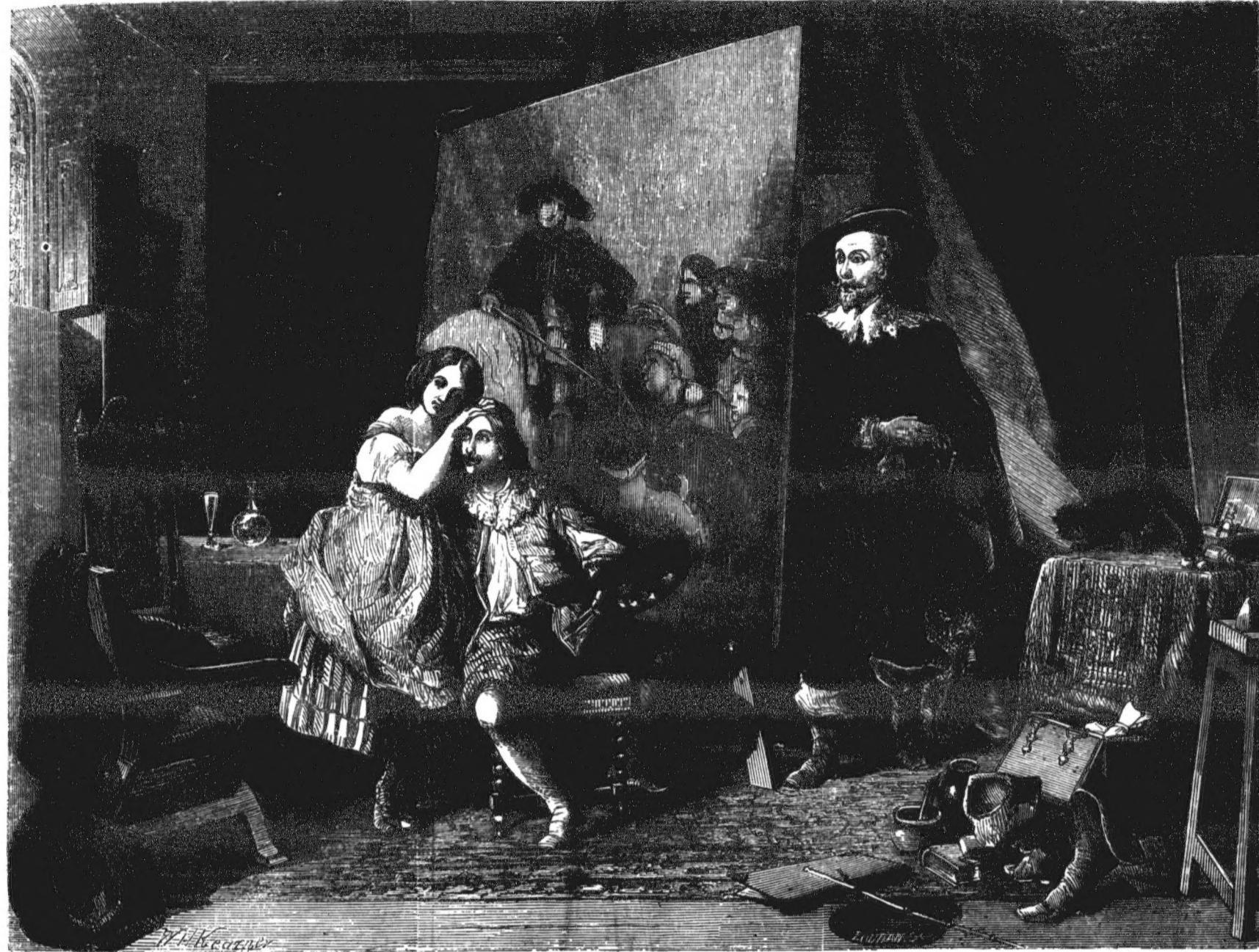
THE Irish knight who has compiled this work has a little marred its utility by going beyond his vocation. The *ne sutor* injunction has never been more disregarded than we find it here. Sir Cusack, who does exceedingly well when he sticks to his last, seems to consider that if he is not funny he will be voted dull. He appears to fancy that the rail and railroads are cognate subjects, and that there is much affinity between the iron-way and irony. Buffers seem to suggest to him the propriety of converting himself into one, that he may strain our sides with laughter.

Treating of London proper, Sir Cusack cannot refrain from remarking, "One thing is certain; it is that the ladies who live within city precincts do as ladies do in all other parts of the world, for we learn that . . . there had been 103 births in the City during a fortnight, or just at the rate of 2,610 for the twelve months," which is not just the rate; albeit Sir Cusack is "given to statistics." There are twenty-six fortnights in the year, and 103 × 26=2,678. Then, the author goes into the perplexed nomenclature of London streets; and, *apres* to travellers, who take unfair advantage of the cheaper class of carriages, he introduces us to "two ladies, one with an expensive black silk dress, the other with one of Swiss muslin, very elaborately got up, and both with very pretty bonnets (who), once complained to the author of the conduct of a railway guard for having put a bricklayer, with his dirty clothes on, in a compartment with them." Dashing along in a mail train, Sir Cusack calls to us as he flies by, that Mr. Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle, was the prince of jobbers. Stopping with the bags at the next station, he shunts us off the line to let the Duke of Argyll go by with an amount of "puffing" that looks almost satirical. After much information, however, laboriously compiled and skilfully put together, Sir Cusack gets into the refreshment-room at Wolverton, where the young ladies "attended," of whom the author has forgotten to say what Milton said of other angels, "They also serve who only stand and wait." Those damsels drew oaks, till the generalissima, the late Mrs. Hibbert, took the cork-screws away as "ungenteel," and upon this circumstance Sir Cusack's bottled-up effervescence bursts forth, and he asks permission "to philosophise for a moment only." And he does it, without waiting for sanction, after this fashion:—

"Woman! you are never more charming, more feminine, more enchanting than when you are domestic. A magic circle of fascination then surrounds you. You are in your real mission, and being real, you are angelic. But, woman, be true to yourself; be domestic to the fullest extent that brightest imagination can picture or truth realise. But, sex most dear, most lovable of all things human that can be loved, hear the advice of one who believes you were sent on earth for the holy purpose of refining man, and of purifying him—never, oh, never be seen using a cork-screw! Sir Francis Head, in a passage which we purposely omit because we want to have our own say, in our own way, on the subject, informs us that by 1849 four of the young ladies had managed to make excellent marriages. Sir Francis has greatly understated the number Not four, but four times four of them found sixteen eligible husbands, and at the present time we know two of them, one not fat, but 'fair and forty,' the other with slight disadvantage in point of age—forty-four (she confesses to forty)—but in every other respect at least as eligible, who have had each to exhibit the sable signs of sorrow, void, and bereavement, within the last eighteen months. Let us just pause for a moment, to shd a 'pensive tear' to the memory of the two dear departed, just as in the days of our boyhood our sympathies were requested in memory of the celebrated bonnie lassie of 'Kelvin Grove,' by the father of a lady of present times, who is worshipped by millions, and has been possessed of only by four. (May he of the strong shield endure for ever!) Our tear is shed; and now, like the military bands that accompany the remains of a departed comrade to the grave with the 'Dead March in Saul,' and return to barracks with joyous and festive music, do we proclaim, by sound of wedding trumpet and cornet-a-piston, that probability that, era long, each of the charming widows will make a second matrimonial venture. We can, in fact, go one step farther,"—namely, that the two widows are again married. "No cards. Were we a newspaper proprietor," says Sir Cusack, "we should charge two and sixpence additional for the last two words."

GREY or faded hair is restored to its original color and beauty and a luxuriant growth promoted by Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing Six Shilling per bottle. Her Zylbalsamum for the young, Three Shillings European Depot, 268, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]





LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—(AFTER A PICTURE BY W. H. KEARNEY.)

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONCLUDED).

A HAPPY FAMILY.

THEY had come to Lady Baddington's fairy mansion in Curzon Street. The diminutive tiger was at the horses' head. The Peer jumped down, followed by the Major, and, shaking that warrior's hand, was about to knock, when his attention was arrested by the stentorian tones of one of those peripatetic industrials who perambulate aristocratic back streets, proclaiming news, sometimes veracious, but more frequently of the apocryphal nature known as "cocks." He was a very ragged fellow, this street Cicero, but his lungs were of leather; and thus ran his tale, cont nuo, if ever a tale were such:

"Hegstrawordinerry noise, hunparalile and himpetuous hescapre from Noogate yesterday mornin' at a quarter-past sevin 'aving took advantage of the plumbers and glaziers which was a whitewashin' the yard hover against the sessions-ouse lowering hiself by a rope and runnin' along four houses, which the leads of one who found by the pieman, has stated in hevidence before the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen."

"Listen," said Lord Baddington; "what a voice the rascal has!"

"Ah!" returned the Major, "I think I read something of what he is spouting about in the *Herald* this morning. I forget, though, the name of the fellow who made his escape."

"Purchase the hegstrawordinerry hescapre," the "death and fire-hunter" went on, after taking a fresh breath, "of John Polly-blank, the sellibrated forger hand suspected hincendary bein' also accused of hother crimes. Purchase the hescapre of John Polly-blank, only hekalled since the days of Jack Sheppard and the old Pretender which got out of the Tower of London while the gate was opened for the purpis of bringin' in soft soap to wash the lions bein' in wimmen's clothes and concealed in a warmin' pan. Purchase the hescapre of John Polly-blank hall the pernicklers and hony a 'peny."

"Polly-blank, Polly-blank," the young gentleman repeated; "I think there was a conjurer of that name when I was in Liverpool. I wonder how he managed to get into Newgate?"

"I wonder how he managed to get out of it," rejoined the Major; "but see, there's a policeman moving our orator on. I won't detain you any longer, Viscount. Good morning."

So the Major shouldered his bamboo cane, and strode manfully on towards Half-moon Street; and Lord Baddington, knocking at the door of the fairy mansion, was speedily and obsequiously admitted thereto.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AUNT AND NEPHEW.

Not in the same fantastically magnificent boudoir in which she had received Philip Leslie, but in the dining-room of the Curzon Street mansion, Génévieve, Viscountess Baddington—I can scarcely call her Dowager, for as yet no lady had a right to wrest her coronet from her, leaving her only the titular appellation and

the weeds of widowhood—received her grandnephew. Lunch was served, the rich viands and wine admirably suggesting the funeral baked meats which coldly furnished forth the marriage-table of her who had been so lately a bride.

She was dressed, of course, in deep black, and the splendour of her golden hair was imprisoned under the starched lawn and gauze gyves of a widow's cap. But she was still every inch an empress, scornful, beautiful, imperious as she always was, always had been, save in the mean chequist's shop in Drury Lane, where the man who called himself Tin-top had had the impertinence to address her by the vulgar cognomen of "Polly."

This woman, cold as was her proud and sarcastic beauty, was born to cast sunshine in shady places; and now she glorified her funeral garments, and the dismal crapse might have been imperial purple, so gorgeous sat she among its folds. There are some women whose beauty cannot be enhanced by dress, but to whom dress is part of their very beauty; the dress and the woman being wedded to one another.

So sat she before the table, her little hands, quite devoid of any jeweller's ware now, save her wedding-ring and keeper, and her hands themselves demurely crossed when the footman announced Lord Baddington. She rose with a grave curtsey, but without any smile or other token of welcome, when her grandnephew entered the room, and advanced, if the truth is to be told, in a somewhat blundering manner towards her. For Charles Viscount Baddington, though long an inhabitant of that loose world in which the female population are not averse to champagne, cigarette-smoking, and the occasional assumption of male attire, and whose boudoirs are theatrical green-rooms, *cabines particulières* at Richard's, or the *Maison Doree* at Paris, or private rooms at the Greenwich "Trafalgar," and the Richmond "Star and Garter," was very ill at his ease in the presence of ladies who, by their bearing, did not seem to care about hearing the probable eventualities of the Doncaster St. Leger, or the last anecdote from the *chronique scandaleuse* of the day. Beyond his own sisters, whom he very seldom saw, and to whom he very scarcely ever spoke, it is probable that this Peer of the realm did not number half-a-dozen young ladies of unblemished character among his relatives. He called them "modest women," blushed, stammered, and bit his fingers when in their society, devoutly wishing that he were well out of it, and that he were spending the evening with Fan, who could swear in French; or Lou, who could drink Maraschino; or Emmy, the *coryphes*; or Liz, who drove the piebald ponies, and rode the skittish mare, played billiards, had ruined a duke, and who could not write her own name. Oh, thou young British man, what a franker, better, honest, livelier man thou wouldst be, if thou wouldst snub thy sisters less; if thou wouldst "go in" for the society of "modest women" a little more, and for "life" not quite so much; up and down, down and up, that dreadful Haymarket; train to Richmond, boat to Greenwich, brougham to Chiawick, furtive trip to Paris. Is a life of all-round collars, champagne, lobsters, pink bonnets, vaudevilles, crinoline, latch-keys, worth one day in the society of a good girl? For he who tells me that he finds it irksome, or namby-pamby, or a bore, to sit, and talk, and live with pure and virtuous women, is either *sendax* or a fool. Their innocence, their weakness, their charming candour and loving truthfulness, their little angers, and imperfections, and jealousies, and harmless scandal-magging, even, are so many emanations of joy and tenderness to him who has been tempest-tossed for years

in the Great Black Sea of London worldliness, and he who is a-weary, a-weary, and would fain lay his head somewhere in peace before he dies. And I, who have seen fair young form after form droop and die, and have had to say of sister after sister, *mortus est! cheu! mortua est!* and now sit sisterless and celibate, like a fly in the heart of an apple, look with a kind of silent and melancholy rage upon men who have sisters, and set no store by them, and who are perversely insensible to the heaven-blessed, and healing, and softening influence that the love of a dear sister might have upon the roughest, most world-worn, most case-hardened man.

But all the time that I have been prosing, Lord Baddington has been saying absurd things about the weather—he may have introduced the crops, too, for aught I know—to which his grandaunt—his grandaunt, had turned, if not deaf, at least a very inattentive ear. Perhaps, though, if her grandnephew had known that a shabby little man had called her "Polly," he would not have been quite so abashed in her presence. He was much more at home with divinities who might answer to the name of Polly without impropriety.

She cut him short at last, and rather abruptly.

"You received my note, my Lord?"

He had received it.

"I wanted to speak to you on a matter of business."

He was delighted, he was sure ("shaw," he said) to receive her Ladyship's commands. In fact, he was doos'd—that is, he meant here he stopped, conscious of having used an expletive, and of having, so to speak, made a mess of it.

"Will you have some lunch?" the noble widow asked, suppressing a smile.

He had just lunched—that is, breakfasted—thank you. Would take a glass of Madeira. He helped himself as he spoke, hoping, perhaps, that the wine might act like the bees on the infant Pluto's lips, and give him eloquence.

"As you won't have any lunch," his fair entertainer continued, "we may as well proceed to business at once."

As she spoke, she rose, and traversing the room with that majestic step of hers, went to the door and quietly and calmly locked it.

This was rather an alarming proceeding, but not so alarming as that which followed it, which was simply to open a casket, and to take from it a small pocket-pistol, which she deliberately laid on the damask table-cloth within Lord Baddington's sight, but out of his reach.

"Do you know that pistol?" she asked, composedly.

"Upon my word," Lord Baddington began. "The woman's going mad," he thought.

"Do you know it?—I ask you again. Upon my word, if you don't answer me, I'll send its contents into your body. See, it's capped and loaded."

He knew the pistol well enough; it was Manuelita's, and the one with which she had threatened him in the lodging-house at Pentonville. He told Lady Baddington, very sullenly and awkwardly, that he had seen the pistol before.

"Where?"

"Really, madam," the young nobleman said, haughtily, "I don't see what right you have to ask me the question, or to pry into my personal affairs. As for your firing off that pistol, why it's just like what the people do at the play, and you'd better not."

She smiled scornfully, took up the pistol, and threw it on to a sofa behind her. Then, in a clear, arrow-like voice, she said :

"Lord Baddington, you are a villain."

It was aristocrat to aristocrat, pride to pride, disdain to disdain. He tried to look her down, but failed miserably in the attempt, and then looked very much like a hound who stands in imminent peril of a double thonging.

It is not pleasant to be called "villain" deliberately. "Bad boy," "naughty man," "wicked fellow," one can stand; but "villain" belongs to a family of words exceedingly distasteful. I remember myself once being in the City—on business connected with the funds, or the South Sea Company, I am not quite certain which. Stepping into Williams's celebrated boiled-beef house in the Old Bailey, to dine, I ordered my dinner of one waitress, who, though comely, had a slight cast in her eye, and who wore long black ringlets like sausages; but the repast was brought to me by another, a dairies fair and freckled, and with wavy braided hair of a hue that hesitated between golden auburn and auriferous scarlet. She brought the viands in the ordinary pyramid of pewter covers, and looking me full in the face, she said suddenly, "Wretch," and dropped my dinner with a great crash. I remembered, then, that we had been friends in youth, but that incompatibility in temper, amounting on her part to an idiosyncrasy to assaulting me with a fork, had led to our separation, leaving us "like cliffs that had been rent asunder," a dreary gulf flowing between, but each showing the marks of that which once had been. But I did not like the epithet "wretch" at all, and paying for that of which I had not partaken, I think I travelled, and to Williams's boiled-beef restaurant went no more.

"I say, Lord Viscount Baddington, that you are a villain."

But the Lord Viscount was dumb. He was thinking a good deal, though; and if the door had not been locked and the pistol cocked, and he a nobleman and a gentleman and his interlocutor a lady, young and beautiful, I am afraid it is not improbable that he would have knocked her down.

"A designing, atrocious, cold-blooded villain! I will tell you why—for luring a poor, confiding, innocent, inexperienced girl away from her home. For deluding her with your false promises, and dazzling her with your handsome, gay, wolf-in-sheep's-clothing face. You cowardly rascal, what have you done with Manuela?"

"I've done nothing at all with her, Madam," the peer cried out in great heat. "I don't know how the doose you came to know anything about her; but all I know is that she turned me up, and gave me the slip, and—I don't know what right you have to speak to me in this way. I don't owe you any money."

"Would you like to owe me some?"

"That depends," Lord Baddington replied, looking up into his questioner's face with a very puzzled and perturbed air.

"Then just remain perfectly quiet while I talk to you," his grandaunt went on, "and I will tell you how you may possibly become my debtor, but you must listen to all I say, and not interrupt. Come and sit near me."

She was born, this inexplicable woman, to command all men, and to make them obey her against their will, their reason, and their inclination. Lord Baddington sat down by her side, as he was bidden; and, doing so, some thoughts such as these raced through his mind:—"How beautiful, how fascinating she is; and yet what a tigress, what a venomous serpent! I don't wonder, now, that she hooked my uncle so easily, and got the house and the twenty thousand pounds from him." He may not so much have thought this, as have been unconsciously impressed with some kindred feeling bearing thereupon; but he kept gazing in Lady Baddington's beautiful face with an expression with which amazement was to mingled with admiration, and fear in both. She triumphing. She, whose delight it was to break strong men's wills across her little finger, as that man in Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin" breaks the branch across his knee. She, who trampled upon, scorned, derided everything, and was afraid of nothing and no man—out of a doctor's shop in Drury Lane.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONTAINS THE PARTICULARS OF ANOTHER WEDDING.

THE readers of this story, I am convinced, must, as far as a very great majority of them are concerned, personally detest me, the writer of the "Baddington Peerage." For I at once acknowledge, and I am willing to do penance for the offence: I know full well that I stand in direct contradistinction to those writers of serial romances who possess the faculty of "knowing how to leave off at the right time."

I am perfectly well aware that I always leave off at the wrong time; and that instead of ending a chapter with an astounding incident, or the enunciation of some mysterious proposition to be satisfactorily solved in the next published portion, I leave my readers in a state of uncomfortable suspense as to what is going to be done, or "who is meaning what"—to paraphrase a late example of English elegance of composition in a leader in the *Times* newspaper. I have my motives for this, as for most things, but think I may as well continue the conversation between the Lord and the Lady Baddington, cut short in the last chapter.

"I am a very young woman, my Lord," she commenced, "but I have had, perhaps, more opportunities of seeing the world than usually fall to the lot of my sex. I called you a villain, and I will tell you the reason. You did your best—you, Peer, officer, gentleman, and all the rest of it—you tried your hardest to ruin that poor little dancing girl."

"Pon my word—" The Peer began in half-stupid remonstrance. "Just hear me out," his grandaunt resumed. "I daresay I am prosing, and, as you men call it, booring you; but at the same time it may do you a little good to listen to what I have to say. You met the poor child in Liverpool, and filled her silly head with a notion that she was to become your wife. She was to be your wife. She was to be a lady. A lady, forsooth! All your arts, all your devices, all your cunning wiles, were put in force for the miserable purpose of calling that girl your own. By the mercy of God she has escaped you."

"Well, as to that—" The Nobleman interposed, curling his lip superciliously the while.

"Say that again if you dare," exclaimed the Woman—she was a woman, every inch of her—"and I will brand you as a liar as well as a villain. The girl is as pure as unbroken snow."

"Came away, though, from Liverpool, in a postchaise." You can, you know very well how she came, and why she came, and how, at the last moment, all your schemes were spoiled, and all your hopes frustrated. She ran away from the lodging you had taken for her at Pentonville, Viscount Baddington—that lodging which you vainly thought to turn into a Capua; she ran away, because she had discovered that the god of her idolatry was a base fetish; that with the front of brass there were feet of clay. She ran away because she had found you out. Now listen, and leave off biting your lips. I had been to the opera to hear Malibran in "Fidelio"—or, stay, no, it was to hear Pasta utter her inimitable "Io." My dear departed husband left me in the crush room—I suppose attracted by the charms of some demure,—and when Lady Baddington's carriage stopped the way, there was only Lady Baddington to occupy it. But, coming out, I saw crouching at the base of one of the pillars of the Opera Colonnade a little trembling form, that seemed strangely out of place in that colonnade. You know the ladies who frequent the place, Viscount. Not the vicountesses who come out of the Opera, but the viscountesses who go into the "Blue Posts." I will own that I am a very odd and eccentric woman; and, something striking me in the appearance of this poor little child clinging round the column,

I took her at once into the carriage, to question her, much to the surprise of my servants."

"I really must—" Lord Baddington tried to introduce."

"The girl was Manuela."

"By Jove!"

"She told me the whole story: told it me with hysterical sobs and moanings, and almost inarticulate fragments of speech. Do you know what she would have done if I had not so discovered her—if I had not, wearer of a coronet as I am, been odd and eccentric enough to put a forlorn creature into my grand chariot? She would have drowned herself. Every week, Charles Falcon, there are scores and scores of wretched things such as these, who find their bed in the waters, and pillow their heads under the tide. And most of them are not so happy as Manuela. Most of them are lost, lost, lost, to every thing in this world; but to receive, I believe and hope, the supreme kind commiserating forgiveness in the next. Disolute man, think and tremble! Think of the ocean of tears, think of the abyss of unutterable woe—all caused by the indulgence of a momentary whim!"

She stood up saying this, her finger pointing out—the Cassandra of her sex. I wonder whether she meant what she said. Was Sterne sincere when he wrote about the prisoner, and Maria, and the recording angel, and dying Lieutenant—.

And she immediately became Lady Baddington again.

"The end of all which is, my Lord, that I want you to promise me, on your solemn word and honour, as a nobleman and a gentleman, that you will never by word or deed molest Manuela again."

"The doose of it is—I beg pardon, your Ladyship—I can't make out why you should feel such an interest in the little party."

"I have my own reasons, my Lord. Will you make me the promise?"

"Too happy, I'm sure."

"Only mind and keep your word. I will illustrate my meaning by a little story, just as the people who write in the newspapers begin their leading articles with a stale and hackneyed anecdote."

She knew everything, this woman. To use a very vulgar expression, she was "up to every move on the board." She could not have known, of course, what she did, if the druggist in Drury Lane had not had the right to call her "Polly."

"Once upon a time," she went on, settling her muslins, and shaking her golden hair, "an officer in the Guards was travelling by the express night-train to Southampton. In the same first-class carriage there was a lady, very young and very handsome, and I am afraid that before they reached Winchester (there were no other persons in the carriage) she permitted this bold young guardaman to imprint one kiss—be gave, and she allowed no more—upon her gloved hand. It was a freak, a caprice, a 'bit of fun,' just like the kiss which the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire gave a sweep when Mr. Fox was being elected for Westminster. But she made him take a solemn oath that he would never reveal what had taken place. It fell out that our guardaman, about six months afterwards, did, in the smoking room of his club in St. James's Street, break his oath, and with the boastful, lying qualities common to men, gave the story with some additions and alterations perfectly and wantonly false. A fortnight afterwards he had an invitation to stay a week with a distant relation of his—an old admiral, who lived in a charming villa on the banks of the Itchen, close to Southampton. He had never seen this relative before; but some family matter had to be arranged, and he went down. He was received with the most cordial hospitality, especially by the admiral's wife, who was very young, and very handsome, and who, by the merest chance in the world, turned out to be the identical lady with whom he had travelled per night express train from London to Southampton. She gave him her hand, ungloved this time, smiled upon him very sweetly, and just before dinner drew him on one side, and with a sweeter smile than ever, told him, in a discreet whisper, that if he would come round at twelve o'clock that night to a certain window at the back of the house overlooking the river, and only separated from its brink by a narrow footway, she had something very important, and perhaps pleasant to communicate to him. He came punctually at the appointed time. The moon was shining very brightly. The window was opened; and a lady in a night-dress beckoned a tall handsome cavalier (as the novels say) to advance to her."

"And she let him in through the window. By Jove, what a plucky one!"

"She said this: 'Captain Darell, you are a liar and a traitor.'

She did this: she put a pistol to his head, right in the centre of his forehead, between his curling locks which parted in the middle, and she blew his brains out, and Captain Darell fell into the river Itchen, and was found there next day, very wet and very dead!"

"She was hanged, of course?"

"Not the least in the world. She took the precaution of throwing the pistol into the river as well as the man. There was a great talk about the affair. There was adjourned inquest after adjourned inquest; some called it murder and some suicide; but as Captain Darell stood to lose enormously on the next Derby, and was dreadfully in debt besides, the general opinion inclined towards *felon de se*. He was buried very respectably, and the Admiral's wife wore mourning for him."

"I'll promise," said Lord Baddington.

"You had better. She was a relative of mine."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW THE PEER KEPT HIS PROMISE.

CARNIVAL time, and in Paris. Although it was the last of the three *jours fériés*—the night of *Mardi Gras*—the eve of the once famous but now degenerated and inglorious *decente de la courtille*—there was less conversation in the gay city of Paris about the Carnival than about the cold; and men's thoughts ran more upon Réaumur and his thermometer than on Musard and his *bal masqué*. It was so cold. So cold on the bridges, that the blind beggars, tooling drowsily on their cracked flutes and rattling their battered tin money-boxes, had one and all decamped; that the itinerant cake and sweetmeat sellers on the quays were to be found nowhere. A piercing blast went along with this cold, which swept before icy gusts of little particles of frozen dust, which blew down your back and into your eyes, and made you generally miserable. The steams of *vin chaud*, or heated and spiced wine, issued from every *cabaret*; and every *café* was crammed with *consommateurs*. Here, also, and in the *estaminets*, was a tremendous vapour from the largest, most powerful and most evil-smelling cigars, and from the blackest and most essential-oily-reddent-perfume; the rattle of dominoes was incessant; the shuffling of the limp, pawnbroker's-duplicate-looking cards persistent; the shrieks of the *garçons* to intimate that they were "there" instead of being "here," where they were required to be, the growls of the customers, who wanted more grogs, and more boxes of dominoes, and more newspapers, were high above the din. The Boulevards were nearly deserted by foot passengers, though the road was thronged by carriages. The *beuf gras* and the *barouches* and *carrioles*, filled with maskers paid and costumed by the police, and whose tawdry trappings, yellow-white drapery, and painted faces, looked inexpressibly ghastly against the brilliant, heaven-sent snow, had failed in attracting the usual scampish crowd of sight-seers, who kept under shelter; so the police maskers had it all their own way. On they went, these forlorn rogues, and rogues, a little excited by gunpowder brandy and peppered *petit blue*, consumed at the barrier *cabarets*; on they went forlorn mummers, their poor noses a little pinched and numbed by the cold; the cold-drawn tears from their bleared, winking eyes furrowing a little in unseemly streaks the brickdust and bismuth on their cheeks. They were not a good sight to look at, these fancy-ball guests of the Rue-Jérusalem,

these carnival protégés of the prefecture; they made you shudder rather, dreadful beings, for you know what they must become when the *saturnalia* was over.

And this rabble rout going by, some in close carriages, some in open carts, cabriolets, and carts, shouting and yelling, and pretending to throw sweetmeats at the passers-by, which they dared not do in reality, in consequence of a recent ordinance of the Prefect of Police, came out the sudden sun, and shone upon the ragamuffins, and upon the virgin snow.

The day cleared up wonderfully before dusk; but though the snow had ceased to fall, and the sky was even a tender, loving blue, the cold was still almost intolerably intense. About four o'clock or so, some of the most inveterate Boulevard *flâneurs* came out, wrapped up to the nose in furs and woollens, to lounge for half an hour between the Rue Vivienne and the *Café de la Madeleine*; but the great places of resort were the almost innumerable *passages*.

Here moved old veterans of the Imperial Guard—the old Guard, remember—in closely-bottomed *sabots*, and with tight black stocks, and the ribbon of the Legion at their button-holes. And there were staring young *pisouniers*, fresh from the conscription and the drill-sergeants, wandering about with their hands in the pockets of their baggy red breeches, and gazing at every thing with a stupid stare of equal amazement and admiration. And there were gay officers, with shining bâtonniers epaulettes, aiguillettes, embroidery, crosses and ribbons, plumes, trailing sabres, and clanking spurs; Parisian exquisites of the first water, elegantly swaddled in broad-cloth pelisses, lined and trimmed with rich furs;—and there were ladies in mantles, and cloaks, and pelisses, and caps, likewise furred and velveted, and who were otherwise attired with delicate and tasteful elegance, and wore bonnets of ravishing form on their heads; who were *bien gantées*, *bien chaussées* and *bien laces*;—but woe is me for the lowering brows, the high cheek-bones, the noses too much *retroussées*, or else sinking in the opposite extreme, and standing out in arrogant aquiline, like the prow of a *Roman* galley; the thin lips, the discoloured teeth, the coarse and often art-improved complexions. No! no! no! Witty if you please, accomplished if you please, fascinating without a doubt, graceful beyond compare; but beauteous, no! I could count the fair women of France on the keys of a piano-forte, and carry them on my back up all the steps of the Monument without taking breath.

So, at least, thought Philip Leslie, who, wrapped up in a stout overcoat, walked moodily from passage to passage, with his arm in that of his "friend" Doctor Ionides, in the vain attempt to dispel some portion of the gloomy and bitter feeling, which hung over him like a pall. The Doctor was in high spirits, and in an astonishing "carrick" of apple-green cloth—an article strongly resembling the "Benjamin" which our hackney-coachmen and night-watchmen were formerly accustomed to wear—which said "carrick" was profusely braided; and decorated, in addition, with collars, cuffs, and trimming of costly sable, looked most imposingly witty. The fixen beard and flowing hair of the Doctor, luxuriant as it was bright in colour, and the large green spectacles that he wore, gave him moreover a doctorial and erudite look which was very grand to see. That Doctor Ionides must have been Doctor Ionides, there cannot be the slightest doubt; but I much question whether, supposing the astute Mr. Leatherides had been present, he would not have been in a slight state of dubiety touching Doctor Ionides's voice, which, if truth must be told, bore a very strong resemblance to the voice of a friend of ours who once went by the name of Achilino, Professor, but previously by that of Pollyblank, Captain.

Cum multis aliis, very probably.

"A fellow asked me at the table d'hôte yesterday," the Doctor remarked, laughingly, "how it happened, if I were a Greek, that I spoke English so well, and had such fair hair. I settled him in no time; talked to him of Scylavism and Panislavism, the Russo-Greek Church, the Eurasians of Bombay, the Jews of Honsa, and the blue-eyed Afghans; told him all about the one primeval language; and he gave in, and complimented me upon my erudition, said he should be delighted if I would give him his son, who had recently been plucked for his "little go" at Oxford, a few lessons in universal grammar, and stood a bottle of "Liebfraumilch": I'm very fond of still Hock, especially Liebfraumilch.

"You are a curious fellow," his companion responded, looking up into his face with an expression in which there was, however, far more curiosity than admiration. "You seem to know a good deal about most things. How did you manage to learn so much?"

"I beg your pardon, my artistic friend, how did you manage to learn to paint?"

"Oh! I picked it up somehow."

"And I, likewise, picked up mine somehow," Doctor Ionides complacently continued, "very 'somehow,' too, it was indeed. I believe that I have read the backs of more books than any one alive, with the exception of the man who does the cataloguing in the British Museum. For my Latin I am indebted to the hatchments on swell houses, and the scutcheons in the undertakers' shops, and the mottoes in the regimental colours in the *Army List*. My French and geography I picked up from the guide-books and vocabularies on the book-stalls, and my use of the globes from having travelled about from one end of the earth to the other, backwards and forwards, for twenty years. Add to this that my father paid a great deal of money for my schooling, and that I did really manage to learn something while at school; and that I have seen many men and many cities. The celebrated Ulysses did the same, you may remember, and you may form a definite idea as to how the picking-up process was successfully carried out in my case."

"Then why?" The Painter hesitated.

"Go on, my friend, go on; you cannot offend me. Of the rhinoceros is the hide of Doctor Ionides, and of the hippopotamus the skin of his moral sensitiveness."

"Then why, to be plain with you, do you make such a villainous use of your abilities? I don't want to flatter you, for, to tell the truth, I don't exactly like you; but you are a clever fellow, there's no denying that!"

"My canvas-covering friend," the Doctor composedly replied, laying his large, fur-gloved hand on the other's shoulder, "don't share with the tens of thousands of two-legged donkeys—don't start, don't be offended—that itching desire to pry into the motives of other men. As well may you strive to inquire why a dog going down a street stops as though about to turn to the right, suddenly changing his mind (as if he could have a mind!) crosses the road and turns to the left. As well might you inquire why the cat is born a deadly enemy to the rat; it is all very well to say exterminate the rat, but then why is the rat to be exterminated at all? As well may you ask why the ass should bray, or the horse should whinny suddenly after hours of dead silence. Take my advice, analyse and scan your motives, and let other men's motives be. Can you understand any man? Can you understand the Baron should have been a bête-taker, or the Duke of Marlborough the robber of soldiers' pence? But, by the way, my friend, may I ask you whether you are making the best use of your abilities?"

"I—I," stammered the Painter. "Well, well—I have always earned my living honestly—honourably."

"Is it earning it honestly—honourably—to be hero in Paris, kicking about the Passage Colbert, and spending the money lent to you by the Right Honourable Viscountess Baddington?"

"The money is all advanced to me on account of pictures I am

commissioned to paint for her Ladyship," the Painter cried out indignantly, but blushing suspiciously as he spoke.

"There! don't talk so loud! that old lady in the white ringlets and the black calash is looking over her shoulder at you, and thinks you are an English milord who has had too much rum-grog. They think all English milords drink 'rum-grog' by buckets—full, these purley-vooing people."

"Besides," Philip resumed in a sulky but lower tone, "I have a motive!"

"A motive—excellent! Here we are! Three cheers for the motive. Everybody for his motive and Somebody for us all. Now, let us have a cigar!"

They stopped on the threshold of one of those magnificent cigar-shops—those temples devoted to the worship of the smoky god, whoever he may be, which only Paris possesses. I say this without the slightest wish to deprecate the stately establishments of Messrs. Itées, Milo, Buckingham, Hudson, or the "African" in Regent's Street. But what I have said is the fact, and I can't gainsay it.

They were about to enter, had the door half open, when Doctor Loddon turned, and pointing to a seated figure who was leaning across the counter, condescendingly chatting with one of the cigar-serving young ladies, said to Philip, but in a whisper—

"Look there!"

Philip looked as he was bidden, and saw the whiskers, the moustache, the grand costume, and the aristocratic mien of Lord Viscount Badington.

His fingers would have been at his throat a moment afterwards; but the dexterous Doctor held him in his iron grip in an instant, and hauled him out with such dexterity that the young lady and the young Lord had scarcely time to look up at the sound of the closing door, when Philip and the Doctor were safe outside the shop.

"Not now! not now! you fool," the latter hastily murmured. "Do you want to ruin all? Do you want to spoil the game? Is it this dog of a Lord alone that you want to see? Is there nobody else? I tell you that you *must* wait till to-night. Then we shall be able to bag both birds—the hen pheasant as well as this strutting cock."

"As you will. You are my master for a time; but beware, I have a will of my own, and it will assert itself. But I am determined to see him, to confront him, to meet his eye. I will give you my solemn word of honour not to molest him, not even to insult him, till you fix the time and give me the word."

(To be continued.)

HOME AND FARADAY.

It has been said that Faraday refused to meet Home, the spiritualist. Here is the philosopher's letter to Sir E. Tennant on the subject:—

"Folkestone, June 14, 1861.

"My Dear Sir Emerson,—I cannot help feeling that you are indiscreet in your desire to bring me into contact with the occult phenomena which it is said are made manifest in Mr. Home's presence. I have investigated such in former times, during some years, and as much as I thought consistent with the self-respect that an experimental philosopher owes to himself. It would be a concession on my part to pay any more attention to them now; and I can only do so under the persuasion that all concerned wish to have the phenomena unravelled and understood, and will do all they can to aid in such a result. To settle whether I can go or not I wish to put to you the following points:—

"1. Who wishes me to go?—to whose house?—for what purpose?

"2. Does Mr. Home wish me to go?

"3. Is he willing to investigate as a philosopher, and as such to have no concealments, no darkness, to be open in communication, and to aid inquiry all that he can?

"4. Does he make himself responsible for the effects, and identify himself more or less with their cause?

"5. Would he be glad if their delusive character were established and exposed, and would he gladly help to expose it, or would he be annoyed and personally offended?

"6. Does he consider the effects natural or supernatural? If natural, what are the laws which govern them? or does he think they are not subject to laws? If supernatural, does he suppose them to be miracles or the work of spirits? If the work of spirits, would an insult to the spirits be considered as an insult to himself?

"7. If the effects are miracles, or the work of spirits, does he admit the utterly contemptible character both of them and their results, up to the present time, in respect either of yielding information or instruction, or supplying any force or action of the least value to mankind?

"8. If they be natural effects without natural law, can they be of any use or value to mankind?

"9. If they be the glimpses of natural action not yet reduced to law, ought it not to be the duty of every one who has the least influence in such actions personally to develop them, and aid others in their development by the utmost openness and assistance, and by the application of every critical method, either mental or experimental, which the mind of man can devise?

"I do not wish to give offence to any one, or to meddle with this subject again. I lost much time about it formerly, in the hope of developing some new force or power; but found nothing worthy of attention. I can only look at it now as a natural philosopher; and, because of the respect due to myself, will not enter upon any further attention or investigation unless those who profess to have a hold upon the effects agree to do the uttermost. To this purpose they must consent (and desire) to be as critical upon the matter and full of test investigation in regard to the subject as any natural philosopher is in respect of the germs of his discoveries.

How could electricity, that universal spirit of matter, ever have been developed in its relations to chemical action, to magnetic action, to its application in the explosion of mines, the weaving of silk, the extension of printing, the electro-telegraph, the illumination of lighthouses, &c., except by rigid investigation, grounded on the strictest critical reasoning and the most exact and open experiment? and if these so-called occult manifestations are not utterly worthless they must end will pass through a like ordeal.

"As I do not want to debate this matter with those who have made up their minds in a direction contrary to my own, but (if I see sufficient reason) only to work it out with such a desire to find incontrovertible proofs independent of opinion or assertion, so I wish you would show this letter to Mr. Home, and those who want me to meet him and them on this ground; after which you will know whether you should persevere in asking me. You will understand that I decline to meet any whose minds are not at liberty to investigate according to the general principles I have here expressed.

Further, I claim the right of publishing the whole or any part of this letter, or any further written communication that may arise out of it, in any manner that I may think fit.—Ever, my dear Sir Emerson, your very faithful servant, M. FARADAY."

"You will see that I consent to all this with much reserve and only for your sake.—M. F."

A SENSATIONAL PAPER.—A sensational paper is about to appear in Paris. It is to be called *Le Pilori*, and is to be printed in red ink. Victor Noir is to be its editor, and MM. Siebecker, Revillon, Scholl, Lockroy, Joliet, Vallès, Dandet, Duchesne, Gill, Weill, &c. &c., have enrolled themselves amongst its contributors. It is probable that the *Pilori* will have a short life, if not a merry one.

THE LATE LORD BROUHAM.

FULL of years and in a green old age, Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux has passed to his rest. Seventy years of unceasing toil following upon a most precocious boyhood, did not serve to render his frame less vigorous or his intellect less lucid until almost the close of his life. The family of Brougham is one of considerable antiquity. One de Brougham held a manor of the same name in Westmorland during the reign of Edward the Confessor. In the twenty-second year of the reign of Henry II., Odo de Brougham is stated to have been one of the officers amerced in a fine for "yielding the castle of Appleby to the Scots." Many of the same family were high sheriffs of the county of Cumberland in the reigns of William III. and the two first Georges. The father of the subject of this notice was Henry Brougham, of Scalts Hall, Cumberland, who married Eleanor, daughter of Dr. James Syme, of Edinburgh, niece on the mother's side of Robertson the historian. The remaining issue of this marriage were James—at various times member of Parliament for Tregony, Downton, and Winchelsea; Peter, who died in 1800 at St. Salvador on his passage to the East Indies; John, who died in 1829 at Boulogne; and William, the Master in Chancery, and some time M.P. for Southwark. There was also a daughter named Mary. The young Henry first saw the light in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, on September 19, 1779. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, first under Mr. Luke Fraser, the under master, who is mentioned by Lord Cockburn in his "Life of Jeffrey," and subsequently under Dr. Adam, the head master, and author of "Roman Antiquities." From thence he passed to the university of the Modern Athens, where Dugald Stewart, Robinson, and Black, were among the most illustrious professors. The first spark of that genius which was destined to burn so brightly was exhibited at the early age of seventeen, when his fondness for mathematics and physical science was displayed by the production of a paper on "The Refraction and Reflection of Light." It was communicated to the Royal Society by Sir Charles Blagden, and is printed in the "Transactions" of that body in the year 1796.

In 1800 Mr. Brougham was admitted an Associate of the "Edinburgh Society of Advocates." He had previously tested his powers of declamation as a member of the University Debating Club; but now he was to become acquainted with such men as Horner, Jeffrey, and other young members of the Scottish Whig party; and it was not long before he proved himself one of the most able members of the famous debating association known as the "Speculative Society." The year 1802 has been rendered illustrious in literary annals as having witnessed the birth of the *Edinburgh Review*. Brougham's pen was not employed upon it until the third number, "when," says Lord Jeffrey, "he did more for us than anybody; but there exists little doubt that he was one of its originators. And here again his youth, as compared with the age of his coadjutors, forces itself upon our notice. Thus of the promoters Allen was 32 years of age, Sydney Smith was 31, Jeffrey was 29, Horner 24, Brown 24, and Brougham 23, all of them wonderfully young in years for such an undertaking, but Brougham the youngest. In the following year, 1803, he published a work in two volumes, entitled "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers," which is worthy of notice as embodying those views upon slavery which later immortalised his name in parliamentary history. While gradually pushing his way up at the Edinburgh bar he was retained in the case of Lady Essex Ker and the succession to the dukedom of Roxburghe, and in this capacity had to visit London to argue his client's cause before the House of Lords. This was in 1807. The attention which his mode of conducting that case attracted was, we believe, the main reason which induced him to throw up his Edinburgh practice for the more open field of the English bar, although other causes for the step have been advanced. However this may be, he was admitted by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1808, and he shortly after joined the Northern Circuit, where he speedily obtained a good practice. In the very same year he acquired great professional distinction in an argument he delivered before the House of Lords, on behalf of certain merchants of London, Liverpool, and Manchester, against the famous Orders in Council issued in retaliation of Napoleon's Berlin Decrees. The reputation thus gained placed him among the leaders of the Northern Circuit, where the genius of Scarlett had hitherto reigned predominant.

Two years elapsed before Mr. Brougham entered the political arena. In 1810, Lord Henry Petty having vacated his seat for the borough of Camelot in consequence of his succession to the marquisate of Lansdowne, the Earl of Darlington, afterwards Duke of Cleveland, its patron, gave it to Brougham. Those were the days of Government prosecutions. In the following year Mr. Brougham had to defend the Messrs. Hunt, who were indicted and convicted of a libel on the Prince Regent. His speech on that occasion is said to have been as offensive to his Royal Highness as the very article which it sought to excuse, and was probably the original cause of that deep-rooted dislike with which George IV. for a long time afterwards regarded him. It was a difficult thing at that period for a young Whig politician to achieve much as a statesman, yet such was the popularity which this remarkable man acquired from these several speeches, that at the general election which followed upon the session of 1812 he was invited to stand for the important borough of Liverpool against no less a person than the celebrated Mr. Canning. In this contest he was defeated, although he polled more 1,100 votes; but even this defeat was almost a triumph, crowned by an eulogium on the hustings from Mr. Canning himself (with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy) as gratifying as it was deserved.

For four years after this Mr. Brougham remained away from parliamentary life, devoting himself with ardour to his profession, in which he was already advancing to the highest rank. He consequently took no public part in the events which compassed the overthrow of Napoleon, or in those which led to the passing of the famous corn laws. In 1816, however, through the influence of his former patron, the Earl of Darlington, he was returned for the borough of Winchelsea, which he continued to represent until 1830. Mr. Brougham had been retained professionally as the chief legal adviser of the Princess of Wales in the difficulties arising out of her disputes with the Prince Regent. Her Royal Highness was at this time on the Continent, whither during the year 1816 he proceeded in order to confer with her. This afforded him an opportunity of extending his practical knowledge on the subject of education, by enabling him to visit and thoroughly examine the celebrated institutions of M. Fellenberg at Berlin, and also of M. Pestalozzi at Yverdon. The results of these visits were embodied in his evidence before the committee on education in 1818, and more recently the impressions derived by them have been graphically reproduced in his speeches on this most interesting subject. The death of King George III. brought Mr. Brougham into a still more prominent position. It was at the same time that the unfortunate differences between Queen Caroline and George IV. were brought to a crisis. Acting under the advice of her most eminent adviser, the Queen was introduced to return to England, on the ground "that she must assert her rights." Whether Mr. Brougham was right or not in giving this counsel must remain open to future historical criticism. But this fact is certain, that he was heart and soul in the cause which he had undertaken, and that perhaps the two finest speeches he ever delivered were those on the Queen's behalf, the one before the House of Lords on the divorce, the other before the Privy Council on the question of her coronation.

In 1830, Mr. Brougham, having taken up a position on politics which was not in accordance with the views of the Marquis of Cleveland, the patron of the borough of Winchelsea, which he had so long represented in Parliament, thought it his duty to vacate his

seat. He was almost immediately returned for Knaresborough. During this Session he failed in his attempt to introduce a bill for the establishment of local courts for the recovery of small debts, much on the same principle that has worked so successfully since. He also spoke against "Vote by Ballot," and unsuccessfully on the subject of colonial slavery, though his speech on that occasion was among the most impassioned he ever delivered. The death of George IV. inaugurated new and important events in his life. In the first place, being invited to stand for the large and influential county of Yorkshire, he was in conjunction with Lord Morpeth, the Hon. W. Duncombe, and Mr. Bethell, returned free of expense. During this time he exhibited specimens of physical energy, almost unparalleled. He spoke at eight different meetings in one day, after which he travelled 120 miles to York Assizes, where he arrived the next morning perfectly capable and ready to grapple with the heavy practice waiting for his services. The Duke of Wellington's Administration resigned on the question of Reform, and Earl Grey was directed to form a new Cabinet. The elevation of Mr. Brougham to the woolsack and to the peerage at this moment excited considerable astonishment in the country. The political events which followed are too well known for us to recapitulate them.

In 1833, Lord Brougham enjoyed a brief repose from active life, but in the following year he appeared with renewed energies. In February he introduced bills for the "Establishment of Local Courts," and for the "Abolition of Pluralities." In April he delivered one of his powerful speeches on "Irish Emigration" and on "Land Improvement in Ireland." In May, as has been already mentioned, he made a sharp attack on "The Government Policy in Canada." In June he moved for a select committee to inquire into "The Business of the House of Peers. In November and December he supported the "Forgery Bill" and other alterations in the criminal code, as well as the "Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt except in particular Cases," and in the last-mentioned month introduced a "Bill on National Education." Lord Brougham's next most notable achievement was his attack on Lord Durham, who had proceeded to Canada at the beginning of the year as a sort of dictator on a mission to settle the disturbances which then agitated that unhappy colony. Of this triumph, and in point of address and eloquence it was certainly one of Lord Brougham's greatest, we would speak with some reserve, confining ourselves to facts, and expressing as little as possible criticism.

Want of space compels us to notice the remainder of Lord Brougham's career somewhat briefly. With a few exceptions the stormy part of his public life had passed away. As we have already said, he was politically speaking an anomaly—that is to say, he was an "independent" member of the Legislature, and yet in the real sense of the word not wholly independent. He was separated from the Whigs, as a party, it is true; but the principles which had once made him their champion were dear to him still. Though no longer one of them he could not join their antagonists, and all his actions and speeches from this moment in Parliament were of himself and by himself. But out of doors this portion of his life has added even greater lustre to his fame. Retired Lord Chancellors have but too often availed themselves of the shelf to retire to ease and repose. Not so Lord Brougham. For some years he was the moving spirit of the highest court of appeal in the realm, and the most important changes in our legal procedure for many years owe their existence to his efforts. In 1839 he moved for a committee of the whole House on the corn laws, the repeal of which he favoured under certain restrictions, his opinions, in common with those of Lord John Russell and other statesmen, having become modified from such as he had expressed in earlier life. During this year he published his well-known letter to the Duke of Bedford on "National Education," also a "Reply to Lord Russell's Address to the Electors of Stroud on the Principles of the Reform Bill." He, moreover, commenced his "Series of Historic Sketches of Statesmen in the Reign of George III.," which, extending over a period of nearly six years, were finally published as a whole in 1845. In 1841, Lord Brougham gave a general support to the Government of Sir Robert Peel. He also supported in the same way the repeal of the corn laws. To speak of Lord Brougham's labours on the various subjects to which he devoted his attention would require a volume. His published works fill 45 pages of the catalogue in the British Museum, many of them being in French and German; for to his other accomplishments he joined that of an excellent linguist.

In 1819, Lord Brougham married Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas Eden, Esq. (brother of the Lords Auckland and Henley), and widow of John Spalding, Esq., by whom he had two daughters, one of whom died in 1820, and the other (to whom he is said to have been most devotedly attached) in 1839. Besides the other positions he held, to which we have already called attention, he was President of University College, London, a Vice-president of the Literary Fund Society, and a Bench of Lincoln's Inn. He is succeeded in his title by his nephew Henry, born Sept. 2, 1836.

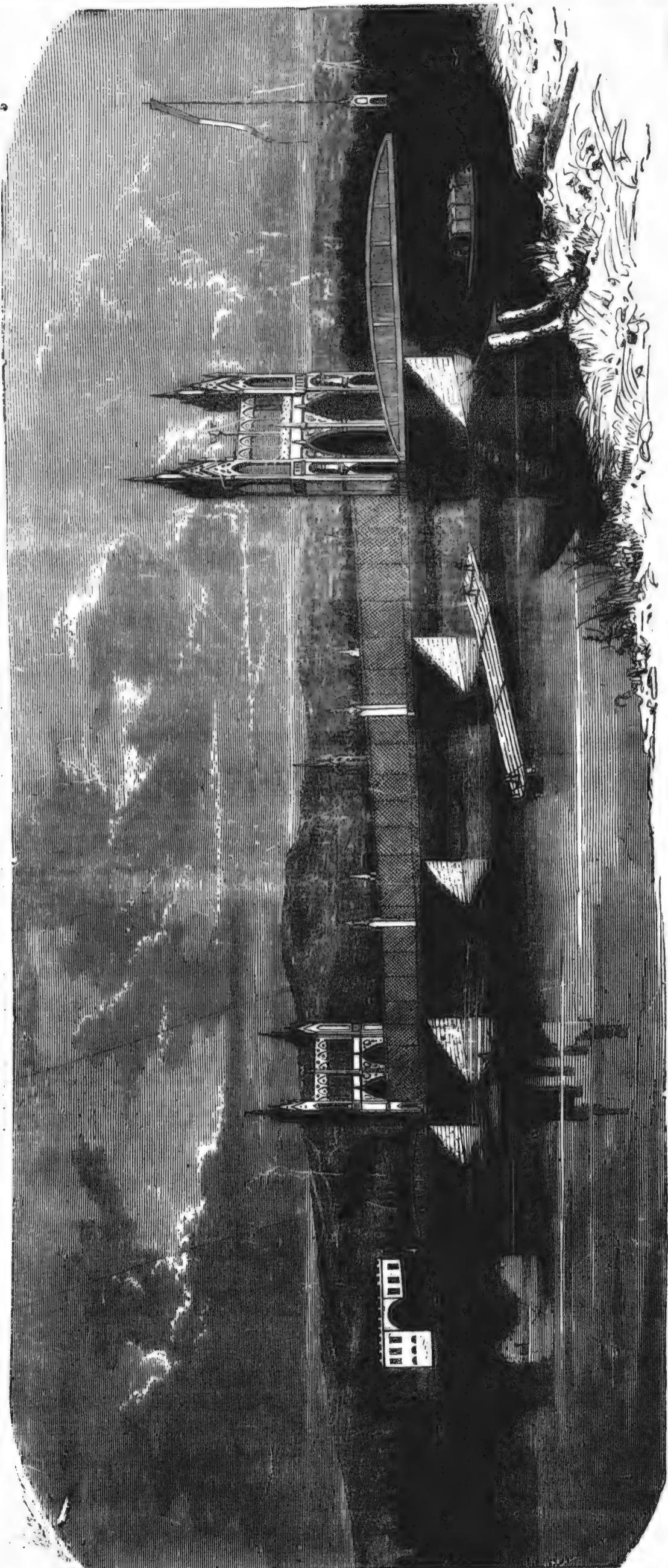
We understand that the remains of the late Lord Brougham are now being removed to England, and that they will be interred in the vault of his mother at Brougham Hall in Westmorland. His lordship had taken his usual carriage exercise on Thursday, and late on the same evening he was found dead in his bed.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The picture engraved on 329 pages from an incident in the life of the celebrated Vandyke the painter. Vandyke, the chroniclers say, at the commencement of his artistic career, fell desperately in love with a country girl residing at the village of Lavelthem, near Brussels, named Anna Van Orpam. At her persuasion he painted a picture for the parish church, representing St. Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar, treating the subject in the same manner as his master, Rubens, had done. As soon as Rubens heard of his pupil's infatuation, he hastened to Lavelthem, and by his unexpected presence put an end to the dream in which the youthful painter had for some months indulged. He took a hasty leave of his mistress, and started for Italy.

THE CRICKETER'S POCKET-BOOK AND DIARY FOR 1868-9.—This very useful book, which is edited by Mr. Kelly King, has just made its second yearly appearance, and will doubtless be patronised by cricketers as much as it deserves, for a more handy book has rarely, if ever, been introduced to the notice of the public. In addition to information similar to that which it contained last year, forms for registering the batting and bowling performances of clubs or individuals, as well as the names of players in matches to come, have been added to the book, which we strongly recommend all amateur and professional cricketers, and particularly all secretaries or captains of clubs, to provide themselves with at once. This valuable work is published by E. J. Page, 188, Kennington-park-road.

THE NEW PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.—A statue of King John has been placed at the principal entrance to the members' private arcade in New Palace Yard, in addition to those of Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror. The three vacant niches will shortly have statues placed in them. The statues are of Portland stone, and stand 6 ft. 6 in. high. The bronze statue of the late Sir Robert Peel, which stood for some time uncovered at the central entrance to New Palace Yard, having been removed on account of the ineligibility of the site, will be shortly placed on a granite pedestal at the entrance to New Palace Yard fronting Parliament Street and Great George Street. The companion statue of the late Lord Palmerston will not be erected for some time.



THE BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE, CANADA.

VIEW OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE THAMES.

Now so much attention is directed to the doings of Parliament, we take the opportunity of presenting a large engraving of the Palace at Westminster. A to who was the architect of this noble pile of buildings, we must direct our readers' attention to the controversy still going on between the Pugin and Barry disputants.

THE BUTCHER AND THE COOK.

In Runcie's *Life of Miss Clara Runcie*, sued the defendant to recover £47 10s. for money lent; and also to recover damages for a breach of promise to marry.

Mr. Smith, in opening the case, said that the plaintiff was a young woman who had been cook in 'Lady's' family, and the defendant was a butcher in Great Bath-street, City-road. They had been acquainted for about four years, and the defendant had beyond doubt promised to marry the plaintiff, and afterwards refused to perform his promise.

The defendant had written to the plaintiff several letters, and one in August, '65, contained these words: "I wish you were my own now and mine alone, and then how happy we should be, darling, sweet wife," and it was signed, "James Morris, to his darling wife." In 1867, he wrote, "I hope the day will soon come when you will come home with me, and that will be a happy day and the beginning of happy days. I should be glad if it came to-morrow, my dear; and referring to a situation she was at he said, "I would not stop there if it is so very hard; I do not wish to do so, as I shall want some work left

in our theatrical column.

had £58 in the Post Office Savings' bank, and the defendant, who had just taken the shop in Bath-street, borrowed £55 to go to market with. A portion of the money was afterwards received, but the amount now due was £47 10s. It was arranged that the marriage should take place on the 6th April, at Greenwich, and the plaintiff attended at the defendant's shop for a week or so, going home to her mistress's house to sleep. Shortly before the day of marriage the defendant told her that she had better go about her business, for then the business would not support the two of them; and he promised her her money on the following Thursday. On the 6th April a lawyer's letter was sent, demanding payment of his money lent; but the defendant sent no written reply, and only said that the plaintiff should have it when she could get it, and a writ was issued on the 8th of April. On the 6th of May the plaintiff's solicitors wrote to the defendant, saying that she had no innovative feelings, and would forego damages for the breach of promise of marriage if the defendant would pay the money borrowed, and also the costs. Even now the learned counsel said that he did not propose to ask for more than nominal damages.

Mr. Justice Willes said he did not think it would be right to take a verdict for the plaintiff upon that count, for it would look like an insult to the young woman; perhaps, however, the plaintiff would be more likely to get the amount of the verdict if the damages were small. Miss Runcie gave evidence as to her lending the money to defendant. The jury found for the plaintiff for £47 10s. for money lent, and £10 for the breach of promise to marry.

Mr. Justice Willes, upon a statement that the defendant had sold his business, granted immediate judgment, and execution in four days.

had its heat let in at the ceiling and diffused through the room, to be so important that he had made a series of experiments and trial works with it, the results of which he gave to me. These results may be briefly stated to be that by the proper adjustment of the grate and the fresh air due to the size of a room, the air may be changed by fresh warm air three times an hour or more, and that of the chimney heat, seven-eighths of which in our ordinary fire-places pass away unapplied, more than use-half may be saved. Your council agreed with me in considering these results so important that we asked Captain Galton to be so good as to describe to us, for public use, the means for producing them, which he will do now in the paper to be read. The paper, which was then read, was accompanied by illustrations and descriptions, which showed it to be applicable to direct professional work, but by the prominent part they took in the British portion of the Exhibition, by the economical trial works of the means of lighting and ventilation they conducted, and by the part they took in excavating and reporting on various civil works requiring the appreciation of men of practical science, and also by their contributions of inventions for the attainment of economical results. Among these one was pointed out to me as of very distinguished importance by my colleague of the Institute of France, General Morin, the Chief of the Imperial Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers of Paris. General Morin, you may know, is of the highest authority of any other person in Europe on the subject of ventilating and warming public edifices, and has conducted trial works and enunciated safe conclusions, which I hope will long be made prevalent in this country. The General stated to me that he considered the principle of an invention by Captain Galton, of our Engineers, of a grate with a coned-flue, and the introduction of fresh air to surround the coke-flue, and to be warmed

in our theatrical column.

MADAME PAULINE LUCCA.

We present on our first page a portrait of Madle. Pauline Lucca, who has just returned to the scene of her former triumphs at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Her first appearance, a few years since, was at the Royal Opera at Berlin, where her youth and beauty, and wonderful voice, soon placed her securely in public favor, and in a very short time the Prussian Government presented her with an engagement for ten years. In 1863, by special favor, she was allowed to give three representations in London, and achieved a great success. The following year Mr. Gye secured her services for a portion of the season, and she played in several characters. She has now again returned, and a criticism of her performances will be found in our theatrical column.

MAY 16, 1868.

WHY DO WOMEN DESIRE THE FRANCHISE?

In general conversation in society, when the question of the efforts that are now being made for the advancement of women, particularly for the obtaining of the parliamentary franchise, is brought up, it is a remark by no means unfrequently made, that women are very well off already, and do not need this power which they seem so anxious to possess. "Why do you desire the franchise?" is not unfrequently asked. "Why do you wish to mix yourselves in the heated political quarrels which invariably accompany elections, especially if they are keenly contested? Are you not content with the influence which you can exercise over your male relations and friends? What benefits do you expect would result to you if you did possess the franchise? And do you really mean to say you would vote if you had the power?"

The answers given to these queries by the women who have considered the matter are worthy of a little attention. "There is no smoke without fire," says the old proverb; and we may well conclude that the agitation for the possession of the parliamentary franchise is not conducted in a mere spirit of restless ambition, but because the women who seek for it seriously think that having this power would do good either to themselves individually, or to them as representatives of their sex.

For it is necessary to be observed that at the present moment the demand for the admission of women to the franchise is of a very modest and limited nature. It is not asked that married women should have the right to vote, and so the objection of "discord introduced by this means into family circles" is got rid of. Nor is it asked that the qualification of women for the right of voting shall be any different from or less stringent than that of men.

It is contended, however, that it is hard and anomalous that

Parenthetically, we may remark that some writers have objected to women being considered as a separate class. Practically, however, this has been already done. Special laws relating to women can only be considered in the light of instances of class legislation.

If women possessed the franchise they would be raised (say the advocates of female suffrage) to a higher place in society. They would no longer be mere "goods and chattels," but would have a position as recognised citizens and responsible beings. To take an interest in the life and well-being of the State is considered a laudable thing in men. Would it be less so in women? Yet, at the present time, how frequently do we hear remarks to the effect that it is of no use to read debates, or be interested in the great movements of parties, or the effect they have on the well-being of the country, for "women have nothing to do with politics." This would be different if women had as much interest as men in the exercise of the suffrage.

It is said, also, that, if women possessed the franchise, they would make choice—or would endeavour to influence the choice—of members who would attend to their interests, and to the repeal of the laws which at present are so unjust towards women. Electors of the present time require their representatives to look after their interests; and women electors would be cared for in the addresses of candidates if women had votes. The candidates for a town would state their views as to the laws affecting the position of women, and what they meant to do in the question of the education of girls, just as they do now about the points in which they know their present electors to be most interested.

Doubtless, also, the equality of women with men as regards the parliamentary franchise would lead to an opening of educational doors at present shut, and to a recognition of the right of women to work at anything for which their powers or talents fitted them

SPORTING GOSSIP.

The Sporting Gazette states that Mr. J. Stephenson has despatched an agent to Austria to endeavour to re-purchase *Buccaneer* "at any price." Mr. Stephenson has purchased *Philosopher*, 3 years, whom he has matched for £500 aside, 200 forfeit, against Paul Jones, to run the Two Middle Miles, at the Newmarket First October Meeting, Paul Jones to give 7 lb.—In the Subscription Room at Chester, on Tuesday night, Mr. Stephenson offered to take 21 lb., and match *Stradbroke* against *Dalby* for £5,000. The Duke of Hamilton's *Gouvernail*, winner of the French Two Thousand on Sunday last, has returned to Mat. Dawson's stables, Newmarket, to finish his preparation for the French Derby.—Arrangements for hunting the Lichfield country are now complete. Thomas Wilson (late of the *Quorn*) has been engaged as huntsman.—In East Suffolk, Lord Rendlesham has undertaken to hunt with foxhounds that part of East Suffolk which his lordship has hitherto hunted with harriers; in addition to which the members of the Essex and Suffolk Hunt have agreed to lend him a portion of their country in Suffolk. Lord Rendlesham is anxious to dispose of his famous pack of harriers, which are twenty inches in height.—The prospects of the Devon and Somerset staghounds for next season are most cheering, as a great many old deer are left in the country.

SINGULAR POSTPONEMENT OF A MARRIAGE.

The marriage of the Prince Achille Murat with the Princess of Mingrelia, whose dower, jewels, and robes can only be compared to those of one of Scheherazade's heroines, was to have taken place last Tuesday, but was forcibly postponed for an odd reason. It was discovered that the registry of the death of the Princess's father does not exist. One need not wonder that the Mingrelian



WINE TASTING AT THE LONDON DOCKS.

women should be called upon to pay taxes, and so contribute to the maintenance of the State; and should at the same time have no voice whatever in the appointment of the person who is to have something to do with the distribution of the funds collected as imperial revenue. In town of our acquaintance, one of the items enumerated on a tax paper is, so much for "the registration of voters." Certain friends of ours consider it rather absurd that they should have to pay this, when, at the same time, their sex excludes them from these very registration lists.

Women are to obey laws, but to have nothing to do with the making of them, or their consideration whilst they are in process of being enacted. The long custom of law making by men exclusively has naturally led to law-making for the benefit of the stronger sex, and has resulted in great social injustices connected with the position of women, both married and unmarried.

It is the belief of the women who are the chief movers in the application for the franchise, that justice will never be done to the claims of women until they have suffrage on the same grounds as those for which the franchise is claimed for men.

Personally, we are not quite sure whether all the advantages which it is supposed would arise from the possession of the franchise would really accrue from this. But we think that the women who desire and advocate this movement are not quite so foolish as to expect an immediate paradise from any such step towards an amelioration of their condition. When we regard, however, the passionate enthusiasm with which classes of unenfranchised men have desired and worked for the right of voting, and when we consider, too, the great social advantages which, it is supposed, will result to the working classes from the "reforms" so lately gained, we can appreciate the desire which many women have, that the privileges and advantages to be secured by the possession of the parliamentary franchise shall belong to them also, as a separate and hitherto unenfranchised class of the community.

—a state of things which, as everyone knows, is at present non-existent.

In brief, these are the reasons which cause so many women to desire the franchise; and when we consider the ends set before them by the ladies who are working with this object in view, it is impossible not to concede that these ends are worthy of great devotion.

The elevation, advanced education, and secured legal position of a whole sex—more as we are often told, than half of the inhabitants of our country—is surely a great end, the attainment of which may well be sought by any means which seem to offer a possibility of success.—*Queen.*

WINE TASTING AT THE LONDON DOCKS.

The London Docks constitute as perfect a microcosm as London itself. They contain everything, suggest everything, and may be looked upon from a thousand points of view. Every one has seen them; but as each department has its separate class of visitors the simple statement that a person has "been to the docks," presents no very definite idea, unless we know, first of all, to what category of society the individual belongs. Tell us, however, what he is, and we will tell you what he has been doing at the docks. If, for instance, we hear that a poor starving workman has been there, we know that in all probability he has walked up to the east of London from one of those western suburban districts into which the system of unequal rating is gradually driving the whole of our labouring population. But if a gentleman with a thick utterance and a staggering gait tells us he has "just come from the docks," he has no occasion to add that he has been with a tasting-order to the wine department.

Those vast caverns, where "the produce of the grape," as fine writers say, is stowed away in millions of hogsheads, form a wine cellar which is indeed worthy of such a metropolis as London.

registers are kept with less strictness than those of France and England, but it seems a somewhat startling fact that the death of a king should be a matter of hesitation. It is true that the war was then being carried on between the Caucasians and the Russians, which ended in Mingrelia being swallowed up by the colossus its neighbour; but, great as may have been the confusion, the bride's father was still in regal power when he died—the Princess, indeed, now takes the rank of queen at the court of the Czar.

THE "DEATH-SHIPS."

COLONEL SYKES has given notice of a motion to reduce by the sum of £20,000 the vote for the naval force employed on the West Coast of Africa. It is rather curious that the economists who are anxious to let Hampton Court and St. James's Palace fall into decay for the sake of five or ten thousand pounds should never have given their attention to the African squadron. The "death-ships" now do very little service, and they are kept on station which is fatal to so many lives rather for the sake of a tradition than for the protection of negroes. It would be interesting to know the particulars of the work actually done by a squadron which costs us considerably over a million a year, and strikes down some of our best seamen. The vote has gone into the estimates as a matter of course; but the Admiralty certainly ought either to show that the squadron is necessary and useful, or withdraw it from a coast which is as fatal as a deadly poison to the European constitution.

THE HAIR.—All its beauty may be retained, and although grey it may be restored by using Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Price Six shillings. Her Zylolabsamum at Three shillings will beautify the hair of the young.—European Depot, 266, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

LAW AND POLICE.

A COURAGEOUS SERVANT GIRL—William Sinclair, a rough-looking young man, who refused his address, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with stealing, at No. 91, Newman-street, Oxford-street, a black leather bag, containing valuable papers, &c., the property of a gentleman lodging in the house, and also with violently assaulting Elizabeth M'Farlan, young woman, servant to Mrs. Jane Allen, landlady of the house.—Elizabeth M'Farlan said: On Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, on returning from fetching the supper beer, my mistress, Mrs. Allen, called me into the parlour, and we found that a black bag belonging to a gentleman who occupied the parlour, but who was then out of town, had been removed from the sofa where it was always kept. Directly afterwards my mistress kicked against the bag, which was on the floor, and on looking about the room we found the prisoner under a table. The prisoner then got up and made towards the door and struck me with the beer jug, which I had placed on the table, and as he was advancing towards me to strike me again I knocked him down and fell on him, and then held him down. We rolled about the passage and struggled hard together, I screaming all the time. My mistress went upstairs and screamed out "Murder" out of the window. We continued struggling together for some time, the prisoner telling me that he would murder me if I did not get up. I got up at the same time as the prisoner did, and he then made for the street door, at the same time seizing a brass candlestick, and on my attempting to seize hold of him again he struck me a blow on the head with the candlestick, cutting my head and bending the candlestick, and as the prisoner got out of the street door I called out to stop him, and a young man knocked him down and he was afterwards taken into custody.—**The Prisoner:** I went to the wrong house, it appears. (Laughter.)—**The Rev. Thomas Berney** said: The bag produced is my property, and contains valuable papers, and also a pair of boots. It is always kept on the sofa.—**Robert Anderson**, a young man residing at Camden-passage, Islington-green, a French polisher, said: I was going along Newman-street on Saturday evening when I heard screams and tussling in the passage of No. 91, following directly afterwards by screams of "Murder" from the first floor window. Presently the street door opened, and some one from the inside said, on my pushing the door, "Don't open it, or he will get away." The prisoner then came out, as he did so beating the young woman back, and I knocked him down and held him down till a constable came, and he was then taken into custody.—**Paul Burgess**, 10 E R said: I took the prisoner into custody, and on the road he threw away a key, which had been filed so as to open latch doors.—**Mr. Tyrwhitt** (to the witness Anderson): In what condition was the young woman when you saw her?—**Witness:** She was bleeding from the head, and her hair was all about her face.—At the request of the police the prisoner was remanded.

THE THORN TREES IN REGENT'S-PARK.—Thomas Frederick Wakefield, clerk, was charged at Marylebone Police Court with damaging one of the bawhown trees in Regent's-park, on Sunday afternoon.—The prisoner said he had seen in the papers that the whithethorns were in full bloom, and formed a beautiful sight, and he went to see them. He took one little bunch of the blossom to place in his button-hole, when he was taken into custody by the park constable. He admitted that he had done wrong.—**Mr. D'Eyncourt** said he ought to have set a better example, and fined him 2s. 6d.—Subsequently a number of lads were charged with a similar offence, and a fine inflicted in each case. The park-keepers said that from two o'clock in the afternoon till six they had the greatest difficulty in preventing the people from utterly destroying the trees.

STEALING A GOLD CHAIN.—George Grey, 23, was indicted at the Middlesex Sessions for stealing a gold chain, value £3 10s., the property of William Read, from his person. On the 30th of April the prosecutor was walking in Pearson-street, Kingsland-road, when the prisoner rushed up to him and made a snatch at his watch. The prosecutor resisted, but a violent struggle took place between them, and the prosecutor's waistcoat was almost torn to ribbons. At length the prisoner succeeded in getting the chain, with which he made off, but was pursued and taken into custody. He had previously thrown away the chain.—The jury found the prisoner guilty, and a previous conviction having been proved against him, he was sentenced to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for eighteen months.

BURGLARY.—John Joyce, 26, was indicted for breaking and entering the dwelling-house of Charles Miller, and stealing therein a bat, a pair of boots, and other articles, value £30, the property of Charles Golding Miller. There were other indictments against him.—The prosecutor lived at Southwark-road, Hackney, and on the night of the 26th of April he went to bed, and the house was fastened up for the night. The following morning it was found to have been broken open, and a large quantity of property stolen. On the 7th of May the prisoner was taken into custody on another charge, when he was found to be wearing a hat and boots, a portion of the property stolen from the prosecutor's house, which he identified. He was asked how he accounted for them, and he said he bought them in Petticoat-lane three weeks before.—The jury found the prisoner guilty.—Sentence, penal servitude for seven years.

FRAUDULENT ADVERTISEMENTS.—John Augustus Crabb was brought up at the Middlesex Sessions to receive judgment. The prisoner was tried and convicted a session or two ago of obtaining various sums of money of £20 and £25 from young men for whom he pretended to obtain situations as clerks and collectors. The prisoner advertised for young men as clerks. On his doorpost was a large brass plate with "Crabb and Hawkins" upon it, but "Hawkins" was never seen. When the prosecutors applied for the situations, prisoner told them they were very likely young men, and would suit, but added that as they would have large sums of money pass through their hands he should require a deposit of £20 as security. The applicants with some difficulty obtained the money, and entered into the prisoner's service at 20s. per week. They had not been in his service more than a few days when they discovered that he did no business at all as a house agent. Some large accounts books were exhibited, evidently with the intention of throwing people off their guard, for no business was done with them. The young men demanded the return of the money, but never received one farthing, and discovered they had been swindled. There were several other cases of this kind against the prisoner. In answer to Sir W. Bokin, Constable Gordon, 33 C, said there were at least 30 other cases of this nature against the prisoner, besides letters received from the country in consequence of the report in the newspapers from persons who also complained of being robbed by the prisoner. In one case a young lady waited upon him, and he tried to commit a rape upon her, and upon another occasion the prisoner was removed from his house at the West-end to the police-station for safety because he was attacked and threatened with violence by a number of servant girls who had been defrauded by him.—His Lordship, after reviewing the case against the prisoner and commenting upon the heartlessness of robbing young people of perhaps all they had in the world, under the pretence of obtaining them situations, said the Court, considering the nature of the case, had determined to pass a heavy sentence, and would thereby make an example of the prisoner.—**Sentence:** Five years penal servitude.

COMMITAL OF THE LADY WITH FOUR HUSBANDS.—Mrs. Annie Rickaby, a well-dressed and handsome-looking female, stated to be twenty-four years of age, and daughter of a retired officer residing at Sherborne, has appeared before Mr. Burcham for final examination, charged with intermarrying with Robert Mills on the 22nd of January, 1866, her first husband, Charles

Reeve, being then and now living; also with intermarrying with Dr. Humphrey Purnell Blackmore, physician, of Salisbury, at Perth, on the 1st of October last, her former husband being then and now living.—**Sergeant Letty**, 8 L, said that on the afternoon of the 20th of last month he was on duty at the Tower-street Police-station, when a telegram was received from Exeter for an officer to be in attendance on the arrival platform at the Waterloo Station. Witness proceeded there, and on the arrival of the train at a quarter-past two, the prisoner, who was attired in travelling costume, got out of the carriage, and two gentlemen alighted from another and gave her into custody for bigamy. He took the lady to the Tower-street Police-station, where the charge was entered. She had with her riding whips, saddles, and a quantity of luggage.—In answer to Mr. Ribton, on behalf of the prisoner. Witness said that the telegraphic message came from Mr. H. Willington Vallance, solicitor, Moorgate House, City. Dr. Blackmore was with him when he gave her in charge, and he accompanied her to the police-station and signed the charge-sheet.—**Mary Ann Sparks**, dressmaker, Tyson-street, Carlisle, said she knew the prisoner, and on the 22nd of January, 1866, she was present in St. Cuthbert's Church, Carlisle, when she saw her married to Mr. Robert Mills. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, in the presence of the clerk, Mr. Little, and witness. She saw them sign the register, and congratulated them on leaving the church. The certificate produced was a correct copy of the parish register.—In answer to Mr. Ribton, Witness said she did not know the prisoner at the time, and had never seen her since the marriage until in custody on the present charge. She was sure she was the lady.—**The Rev. Matthew Pierrepont**, M.A., said that on the 2nd of June, 1863, he married the prisoner at Cardiff, to Charles Reeve, and he produced a certified copy of the register. On Friday, the 24th ult., he saw Reeve alive and well.—In cross-examination, Witness said he did not see the lady after the marriage until in custody. He had seen her three times previously. He had no doubt as to her being the lady. He recognised her as soon as he saw her. He could identify her among a thousand females.—**Mr. Ribton** here said he had no wish to enter into any matters, for which, if inquired into, the lady at the bar would be pitied and not blamed. Since she had been in custody the charge against her had moved from Dr. Blackmore to Mr. Mills, the former now having withdrawn himself from the scene, for reasons best known to himself. It was feasible that the Rev. Mr. Pierrepont and Miss Sparks were mistaken. The prisoner's father also had received a letter from Reeve's mother, stating that he was dead.—**Mr. Burcham** observed, that the reverend gentleman had sworn to seeing Reeve alive and well on the 24th ult.—**Mr. Ribton** then asked for a further remand, to inquire into that. Besides, the prisoner had a petition in the Divorce Court against Dr. Blackmore for alimony, coming on for hearing next Tuesday.—**Mr. Burcham** understood Dr. Blackmore was petitioning the Divorce Court for a nullity of marriage, in consequence of her previous marriage with Mills.—**Mr. Ribton** said that was so, but not a word was said about Reeve. In point of fact, when she married Mills she was not aware that he had a wife living. Consequently that marriage was invalid. Under all these circumstances he thought a further remand should be granted.—**Mr. Burcham** told him there was no necessary for that as the case was complete. He therefore committed her to the Central Criminal Court for trial, and accepted bail for her appearance.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER IN NORTON FOLGATE.

On Sunday evening, Mrs. Grossmith was pronounced by the surgeons who are in attendance upon her, to be somewhat improved, but still in great danger. She has so far recovered consciousness, that she has been able to give her husband an account of the manner in which she was attacked by Arthur Mackay. From circumstances which are within the knowledge of Mr. Grossmith and of his young sons, there is now no doubt whatever that the attack was premeditated, and that for some days previous to Friday last, Mackay had conceived a violent antipathy for his mistress and her children. Mr. Grossmith's statement is as follows:— Mackay was the son of an old friend, and owing to that circumstance he was taken into the service of the Grossmiths, although he had been for three years in the Reformatory at Feltham for larceny. He professed himself highly satisfied with his place, and tried to ingratiate himself with his employers, and he was so far successful that he was able to borrow money from time to time to Mrs. Grossmith. Last week he asked his master to give him beer for his luncheon, instead of for his dinner. Mr. Grossmith said, "You can have it for both luncheon and dinner, if you like," Mackay hypocritically said, "No, thank you, I will only take beer once a day." Thrown off his guard by this proof of temperate habits, Grossmith left the keys of the bar cellar in the door. On Thursday morning one of the little boys got up at five o'clock to learn his lessons, and detected Mackay in the act of helping himself to beer out of the barrel. He asked the boy not to tell, and the boy replied "Not if it is the first time." Mackay pretended that it was the first time, and the boy promised to hold his tongue. The same evening Mackay told the boy that he had dreamt twice that he had killed him, and after some conversation he appears to have got at the fact that Mrs. Grossmith had been told of the affair of the beer barrel.

On Friday morning, at half-past six o'clock, Mackay was seen by Walter Grossmith striking the chopper into a large piece of meat in an extraordinary way, and asked what he was doing it for. Mackay said, "I am practising to see how to serve those that don't do as I like." This appears to have made an undefined impression of danger on the boy's mind, which was increased when Mackay soon afterwards lost his temper with him and his brother for not cleaning some forks to save him trouble. He was so violent that Mr. Grossmith called him up and reprimanded him for his ill-temper. At half-past nine o'clock, after Mr. Grossmith left to go to market, Walter, who should have gone to school, lingered at the front door, distrustful of the intentions of Mackay. The latter, who was cleaning the shop windows, kept looking in at Mrs. Grossmith, who was in the kitchen behind the shop. Seeing that the little boy would not go away, he called out to Mrs. Grossmith, "See here, ma'am, here is Walter not gone to school yet." Mrs. Grossmith sent Walter to school, and she thus deprived herself of her only protection. She was engaged making a pudding, and she asked Mackay for a cloth. Mackay gave her one which he had used for wrapping round grease. She got angry, and told him he should wash it, and it would appear she scolded him. He came into the kitchen and shut the door. She did not know what he intended to do, but was almost instantly struck down by a terrific blow on the head from the rolling-pin, and was sent under the sink. She got up and laid hold of his waistcoat, which was torn in two, but he knocked her down again and again, striking her with something which she could not see. A large iron saucepan was found afterwards with a piece broken out of the side of it, and it is believed that it was with a blow from that that he fractured her skull, and knocked part of the bone away. She became nearly insensible. She could feel, she said, that "he gave it to her, and knocked her down a hundred times," and from injuries to her body it is believed that he jumped upon her. A Mrs. Sandford, whose attention had been attracted by the noise, entered the shop; Mackay looked out through the glass panels of the kitchen door, and she observed that his face was covered with blood. She went forward, and Mackay opened the door to go out to meet her. She then saw Mrs. Grossmith on the floor in a pool of blood and beaten out of all shape. She said to Mackay, "You have done this." He, with great coolness, said, "No, I did not. The master is just gone out round the corner. I will go for him;" and he walked out. Thus he effected his escape. Mrs. Sandford fainted, and was for some hours in the hands of the doctor before she

could make any statement to the police. Mrs. Grossmith states that she heard Mrs. Sandford come in, and that if she had not arrived another blow would have been fatal at once.

The police believe they have got a clue to Mackay's whereabouts. A hawker states that he met him in the neighbourhood of Woolwich, and spoke to him. Several officers were at once dispatched to the locality in question, and if he be really there his arrest is certain. In any case he cannot long evade justice, for it is believed that he has no funds, and he has not gone near his relatives.

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

A COLD-BLOODED wife murder was committed on Thursday morning at Compton, near South Petherton. The murderer, Wm. Hayward, 60 years of age, occupied a large farm with his wife, Ann Hayward, 47 years of age, his brother-in-law, Mr. Best, and a girl. Mr. Best, owing to Hayward's ill-health, has assisted him in managing the farm. On Thursday morning Hayward partook of breakfast with his wife and Mr. Best about half-past seven o'clock. He then appeared in his usual health, and nothing particular was noticed in his demeanour. At eight o'clock Mr. Best went out upon the farm to attend to the stock. At half-past eight o'clock Hayward came running to him, saying, "George, you are wanted." Mr. Best went into the house, and upon the chair near the fire-place he found his sister, Hayward's wife, with her clothes on fire, and blood flowing from a wound in the back. He went up to her and spoke, but she was quite dead. It appears that immediately after Best had left the house Hayward, whilst his wife was engaged in churning, secretly loaded a gun with powder and shot, which he took from a drawer belonging to Mr. Best. He then crept stealthily behind his wife, placed the muzzle of the gun between the railings of the chair and fired, killing her instantaneously. Mr. Best, upon discovering the murder, ran out for assistance, and met Hayward, to whom he said, "You rogue, you have shot my sister." Hayward replied, "Have I?" and re-entered the house. Dr. Harvey was soon on the spot, but his services were of no avail. Sergeant Ashman apprehended the murderer the same morning, and charged him with the crime. He replied, "I loaded the gun behind the settle, and shot her as she was sitting upon the chair churning. She did not make any noise. I do not know how I came to do it." Prisoner was particularly calm at the time, and produced a piece of paper from which he said that he had torn the wadding with which he loaded the gun.

An inquest was held on the body at the Groom Hotel, South Petherton, on Saturday, before Mr. W. W. Monckton, coroner. The facts above stated were detailed in evidence.

Dr. Harvey said that, in company with Dr. Norris, he made a post-mortem examination of the body on Friday. The charge passed without being scattered through one of the principal blood vessels of the heart, and finally lodged in one mass, shot and wadding, under the fourth rib. Death must have been instantaneous. He considered that the prisoner was sane and capable of managing his own affairs. He had suffered from cholic, but was not seriously ill.

It transpired that about six months since prisoner attempted to commit suicide by hanging, but was prevented through the interposition of his wife and a workman. Some of the labourers said that the prisoner had been very different in his manner lately to what he was formerly, and they considered him of unsound mind. One witness said the prisoner ought to have been confined in a lunatic asylum six months since.

The prisoner, who attended the inquest, declined to ask the witness questions. He appeared to feel his position acutely, and sobbed and moaned during the whole of the proceedings.

The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against William Hayward, who was committed on the coroner's warrant to take his trial at the next Somerset Assizes.

LONG SKIRTS v. SHORT.

THE beautiful ball, says a Paris correspondent, the exquisite fete at Madame de Pourtales', formed an era. What emotion, what expectation, what agonised excitement before that evening! A fierce battle was to be fought, the struggle was to be desperate, the fair combatants were preparing themselves with beating hearts; two yards of stuff were to be suppressed, the short dresses were to deal a decisive blow of the scissars to the robes à queue. All the ladies were to appear in dresses which descended to the ankle, and the victory was to be complete. Of this combat, upheld by the prettiest women of Paris, I should like to give you the certain result, but while some cry with the greatest enthusiasm, "Short dresses for ever!" others discovered so many inelegant feet among the pretty ones—so many pieds plats bearing splendid names—that they declare that the triumph of the griottes has proved quicksands for the grandes dames. Thus I must leave you in uncertainty, considering on the one hand the sweeping train, ideal of elegance, moving gently over the floor, and on the other, the fascinating piety of the arched foot in the high-heeled shoe, tapping the parquet beneath our charmed eyes. However, the tournament was a beautiful one, and, even if the short dresses do not keep the field, Madame de Pourtales, upholding so radiantly her pet idea, will have carried away full honours. There were a few very few—long dresses present; the valiant soldiers of the new cause had sprung all armed, Minerva-like, from the hands of Worth, whose temple had been so besieged that several poor élégantes waited for their toilettes until one o'clock in the morning; and Madame d'Hansfeld received her fairy-like dress as she was listening, in a state of extreme distress, to the clock striking half-past two. The scene of the combat was an exquisite one; the entrance hall was completely concealed by flowers, and attended by valets costumed and powdered à la Louis XV. Beneath the red canopy, erected over the door, was stationed a group of maitres d'hôtel dressed as halberdiers; by the suite of luxurious conversation rooms was the salle à manger, where buffets were sumptuously served, and around glass sideboards piled with strawberries and refreshing drinks. In the ball-room and salons a novel system of cooling the air, imported from America I think, was adopted with great success. In the angles of the rooms were stands of flowers, in the centre of which rose glittering piles of ice, which, gently melting, refreshed the air deliciously. From time to time Eastern perfumes were burnt; and, as the fete neared its close, supper was served in a gallery, of which the walls from floor to ceiling were hung with flowers.

AMERICAN PAPERS AND THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

It is amusing now to read the positive predictions of disaster with which some of the American papers spiced their narratives of the Abyssinian expedition. The *New York Herald* of the 15th of April, for example, contained a letter from its special correspondent in the British camp, dated from Antalo, in which he declared that the English would be certainly cut to pieces when they reached Magdala, though from the following picture of the country through which they had to pass he evidently had no hope of their ever getting so far alive:—

"Poisoned honey courts the palate on the roadside, one feels inclined to faint at the thoughts of the horror and anguish of the eyeballs bursting from ophthalmia, while being constantly on one's guard against the ferocious hippopotamus, the deadly cerastes. Dysentery has commenced its fell work; and the disease and discomfiture which dogged the footsteps of the British rank and file on the west coast of Africa seem imminent in the East."

SERIOUS RIOTS AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

A SERIOUS disturbance took place at Ashton on Sunday afternoon between the Roman Catholics and the Orange party in Ashton. The Catholic chapels have been much damaged, and it is feared that the assaults committed will in more than one instance prove fatal. On the afternoon in question about 100 or 150 Irishmen assembled on Ashton-Moss. They marched through different streets, and on reaching a certain point a man left his companions and attacked a young woman who was wearing a streamer of orange ribbon, which he tore from off her head. She immediately drew a handkerchief of the same colour and shook it in his face, and he, being irritated, gave her a violent blow on her mouth. This had been witnessed by a neighbour, who went to the girl's assistance, when the Irishman drew a hatchet from his pocket and struck at him, but the blow was stopped by a woman who seized his arm. The Irishman then ran away, chased by the bystanders and a constable, who, with their assistance, captured him. The body of Irishmen then came up with the intention of rescuing the prisoner. They struck the policeman on the head with a thick stick, and he was obliged to release the delinquent. By this time the Irish were several hundred strong, and they at once attacked the few Englishmen who were there, and put them to flight by using sticks and stones. It being about church time the streets were full, when the Irish made a terrible onslaught on the spectators. The English were unarmed and apparently peaceably disposed, but the Irish were armed with every kind of weapon—revolvers, pistols, hatchets, hammers, picks, spades, sickles, pokers, and the like. One or two of the English stood their ground and were sadly injured in consequence. One man was shot in the back of the head, and although the pistol was loaded with wadding only the man is much injured. A man named Mills, a greengrocer, who was merely a spectator, by some means got into the midst of the Irish mob, and was cut in such a fearful manner about the head with some sharp instrument that he was rendered insensible. Several men tried to break through to his assistance, but were unable to do so. By this time the English had mustered in some force; but though they attacked their assailants with great courage they were unable to make head against them, their numbers being so inferior. Part of the mob then entered St. Ann's Catholic Chapel, by smashing the doors. They tore up the pews, broke down the crucifix and the figures of the Virgin, and did damage to the extent of several hundreds of pounds. The house of the Rev. W. J. Crombleholme was then attacked, and the doors and windows smashed. From the windows of the school-room in Burnfield the Irish fired pistol shots, but the rioters were at this time in the chapel. The carpets from the sanctuary were torn up, and burnt on a piece of ground close by. The rioters then ran to St. Mary's Chapel, and here they commenced to break the windows, but revolvers were fired through from the inside, and this prevented the rioters from approaching very closely. One of the bystanders, however, named William Ibbotson, was shot, the ball lodging in the intestines. He was conveyed home, and was attended by several doctors, and his life is not despaired of. Here Mr. Hugh Mason read the Riot Act about ten o'clock, and specials were then sworn in to the number of 250. The fury of the rioters seemed now to have spent itself, and they gradually deserted the streets and went home. About eleven o'clock everything was quiet, but in half an hour afterwards a party of Irish attacked some cottages in the Burnfield, and wreaked their vengeance by smashing the windows.

During Sunday night several Irishmen were taken to the Town Hall, having been engaged in the riots. A leader of the gang was captured, and was knocked down like an ox in the road. He was locked up, bleeding fearfully from the base of the skull. About midnight another man was taken in by a party of English literally covered with blood, having been beaten by a young man for attacking some women with stones. Others were quite feeble from loss of blood, and their wounds were dressed by the surgeons in attendance. On Monday afternoon, David Flanagan, a tramp, John Flanagan, a labourer, Christopher Houghton, Thomas Haddill, Martin Coffey, Benjamin Tetlow, Isaac Buckley, and William Garnett were taken before the borough magistrates for being concerned in the riots. Sufficient evidence was taken for a remand, and some of them were admitted to bail.

The so-called "Murphyite disturbances" at Ashton-under-Lyne appear to have been extremely serious; much house property has been destroyed, and many persons have been injured, in one case fatally. As the mob was passing along a principal thoroughfare the people ran up the lesser streets that run into it to see what was going on. One of these, a woman in her 68th year, said to be much respected in her position, was knocked down, trodden under foot by the rioters, and when rescued was found to be dead. A detachment of the 6th Dragoons was employed to clear the streets, and about 500 of the most violent rioters marched to the adjacent township of Stalybridge; but they were there met with great determination by the magistrates and police, and compelled to retreat.

TOUTERS OUTSIDE THE POLICE COURTS.

A RESPECTABLE looking woman stepped into the box to make an application to Mr. Ellison, at Worship-street, after the usual hour had passed. She requested that the magistrate would grant her two summonses for assault.

Mr. Wood (chief usher) asked her why she did not apply at the proper time. The Applicant replied that although there for the purpose she could not obtain admission to the court because a man who was standing at the door, and to whom she spoke, refused to let her in unless she gave him 1s.

Mr. Ellison desired her to repeat her extraordinary statement.

Mr. Bendall, chief gaoler, interposing, observed that the fact, as mentioned, having come to his knowledge, he had persuaded the man mentioned to come into court without allowing him to suspect any ulterior design, and he was now in the body of the court, an officer being stationed at the door to prevent his egress.

Mr. Ellison immediately ordered him to be apprehended, and

Mr. Bendall instantly placed him in the dock, and the charge was taken for attempting to obtain 1s. by false and fraudulent pretences.

He gave his name as Thomas Woods, age 32, and described himself as a solicitor's clerk.

The Woman was then sworn, and said her name was Ellen Saunders, and that on Monday about ten o'clock, she came to this court, and asked the prisoner, who was standing at the door, if he thought the magistrate would grant her a summons free, as she was short of money, and he replied, "If you give me a shilling, I'll introduce you to the magistrate and bring the matter forward." She replied she could not give it to him, and he then said, "Well, if you don't, you may as well go." She went away, and on returning in a short time the prisoner accosted her, and asked her if she had got more money. She replied in the affirmative. He then proposed that they should drink together, and, adjourning to a public house opposite, she was called for, and the prisoner wished her to pay for it. She refused, and the ale was left.

Mr. Weekes, a solicitor, who employed the prisoner ostensibly as a clerk, but actually as a "touter," appeared for the prisoner, and cross-examined the prosecutrix very severely, but failed to shake her evidence.

Henry Moody, policeman, 8 N Reserva, stated that he was at the door of the court at the time in question, and saw the prisoner with the prosecutrix, and witness distinctly heard the prisoner tell her to leave and get more money for the summons, and a shilling for himself.

In cross-examination the Constable stated that he did hear the prisoner tell the prosecutrix that unless she gave him a shilling she could not see the magistrate.

Mr. Weekes, on behalf of the prisoner, contended that he had merely asked for the shilling as a recompence for his trouble.

Mr. Ellison stated that he should send the case for trial and nothing would alter his determination. He cautioned the prisoner in the usual manner and fully committed him for trial.

AN OUTRAGEOUS RUFFIAN.

JOHN PRICE was charged with being drunk and riotous, and assaulting John Wells, a police constable, in the execution of his duty.

John Wells, 201 B, said at eight o'clock on Friday he was on duty in Pago-street, Westminster, and was informed that prisoner was assaulting all who came near him, and fighting another man. As he would not desist, and had been cautioned before, witness took him into custody. He kicked and assaulted the constable, and his companions several times attempted a rescue, but did not succeed. Witness at length finding himself becoming exhausted, drew his truncheon, and, on being again kicked, he hit prisoner over the leg and then the arm. Prisoner, however, became more violent, and, having attempted to kick witness in a dangerous part, he was compelled to strike him on the head with the staff.

Prisoner, whose head was cut, and whose clothes were torn, said he was unable to move from the violence of the constable, and even as they took him in the station they kicked him and tried to throw him down.

Mr. Superintendent Hayes, of the B division, said he saw the prisoner brought in, and a more violent man he had never seen; he was not kicked or illused.

Mr. Basil Potter, an actor, who witnessed the whole of the transaction, said his conduct was disgraceful in the extreme, and his language the most filthy; he assaulted a man, and then the constable, trying to strangle him by getting his fingers in his stick, and he (witness) wondered whether the constable was so forbearing, and had not knocked him down long before.

Upson, detective, said the prisoner had frequently been convicted of assaults and street rows. He was a terror to the neighbourhood.

Mr. Selfe said if he had not received a crack on the head he would have sentenced him to the full term, two months; as it was the sentence was six weeks' hard labour.

ROBBING AN EMPLOYER.

ALFRED SMITH, a packer in the employ of Mr. Dean, provision-merchant, of 32 and 33, Tower-street, was placed at the bar, on remand, before Sir Sydney H. Waterlow and Mr. Alderman Gibbons, charged with stealing a ham, the property of his master, and James Kent, a wine-porter, in the Vintners' Company, surrendered to his bail to answer the charge of receiving the same, well knowing it to have been stolen.

Benjamin Adams, 264, saw Kent and Smith go up Elliot's-court, Old Bailey, together, Smith carrying a parcel under his arm, and Kent having none. They went into a public-house there used by wine porters, and in a few minutes Smith came out without the parcel. He followed him to King and Old Bailey in time to see Kent coming out of the court with a parcel under his arm. He took him into custody, when he said he bought it from a man in the market, but that he should not know the man again. When Smith was apprehended he said he took it without leave, but intended to pay for it. He also said he had known Kent for about twelve months, and frequently met him at a public-house in Tower-street, where he went to have his dinner.

Mr. Beard contended that what Smith said in Kent's absence ought not to weigh against Kent; and beyond that there was no evidence to show that Kent knew Smith. He purchased the ham in the market, and went into Elliot's-court to have it weighed, and, in coming out, was apprehended.

The defendant had borne an unexceptionable character for over five-and-twenty years, and would not be likely to risk it by having anything to do with thieves. He then called witnesses, who proved that Kent did go into Mr. Ryders' chandlershop-keeper, in Elliot's-court, to have the ham weighed; and also to show that he bore a most excellent character. One of the witnesses stated that it was a common thing for porters to buy things from men in Newgate Market, although he thought it was a very bad and dangerous practice.

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everything to you when I procured your apparatus.
Well, up to that time I had tried all the usual remedies,
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all was useless—indeed, worse than useless, as, instead
of getting better, I was daily getting worse, my whole
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of excitement that I could not get any sleep. Half
my body was nearly as dead to feeling, and as cold as
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my sleep has returned, my general health has become
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paralysis cured. I return you my most grateful
thanks, for I solemnly believe you saved my life.
Being a public man, my case was pretty well known,
but if by publishing all or part of this letter humanity
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